SPECIAL 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: Part Two of THE LIFE OF JESUS

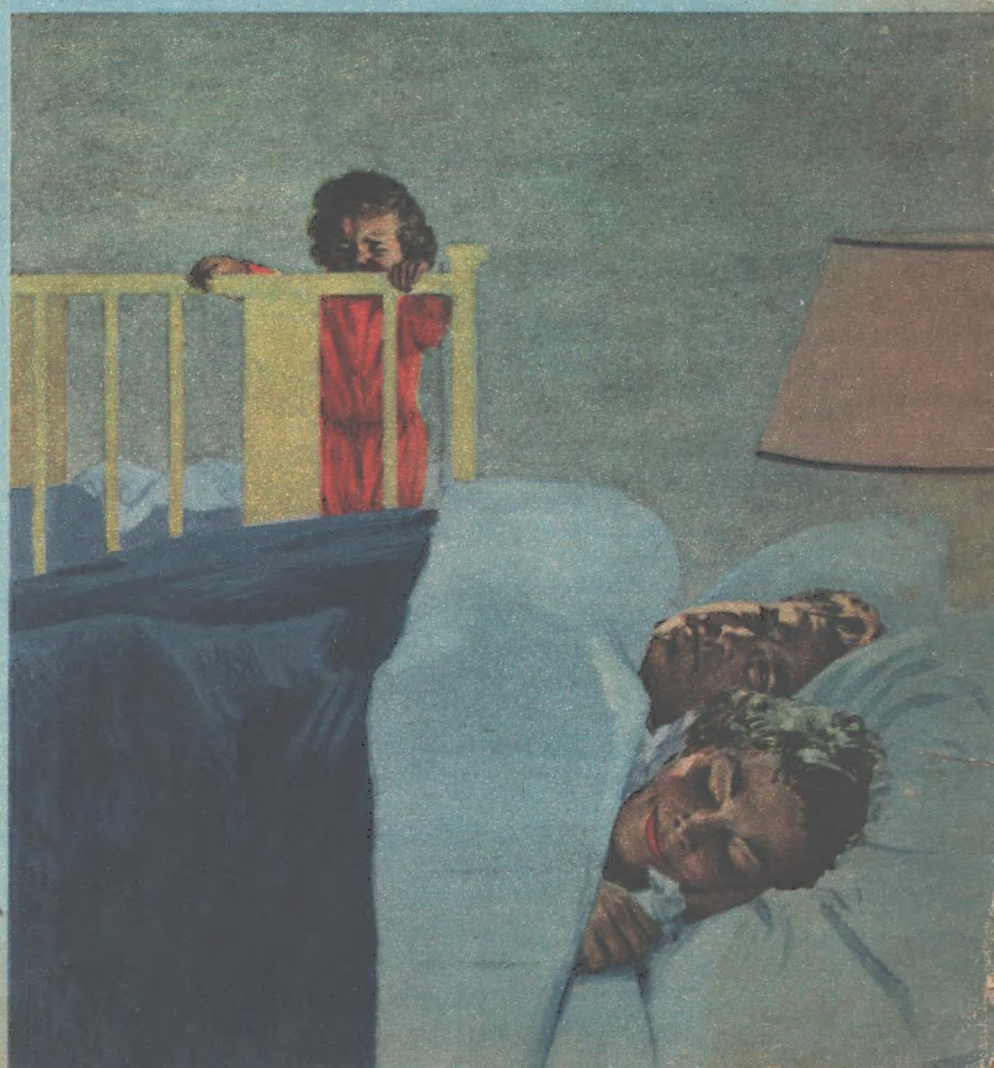
Week ending December 11 1954 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

MOLLIE M. KAYE'S EXCITING NOVEL

A TRIP TO BERLIN

RONNIE NOBLE, TV newsreel cameraman, tells how he sees history in the making



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P77/2

EDITORIAL

Rule 27

A HUSBAND whose wife committed suicide after he had refused to let her enter a home for voluntary treatment was upbraided at the inquest by the coroner.

"You will have to live with this decision for the rest of your life," he said. "It is through men like you that we have these fatalities."

There have been many other cases where coroners have flung such cruelly tactless comments into what should be calm judicial inquiries.

Too many of Britain's 273 coroners find it impossible to resist the temptation to turn their courts into courts of morals where—often with an eye on next morning's newspaper headlines—they air their own opinions and lecture people who have already suffered enough.

This is not only unnecessary, but quite improper. They are grossly exceeding their powers as laid down by the Coroners' Rules revised last year by the Lord Chancellor. They are also flouting the advice of their own organization, the Coroners' Society.

MR. BENTLEY PURCHASE
Coroners must not comment

The society's secretary, Mr. W. Bentley Purchase, is himself a coroner. He says: "Some people think that part-time coroners should be abolished. There is a great deal to be said for that.

"Full-time coroners do about two-thirds of the total work of 40,000 investigations and 27,000 inquests a year. A full-time coroner, doubly qualified in law and medicine, seems much less likely to say things which may be regarded as irrelevant and in bad taste."

As coroners are not bound by strict rules of evidence, abuses creep in here, too. Often verdicts are reached, and reputations ruined, because of witnesses' statements which would be entirely out of order in any other court. And there is no redress.

BECAUSE the system is vague, it is all the more essential to have wise, experienced coroners. Yet the vast majority merely fulfil the requirements that they shall have five years' standing as solicitors or barristers.

They are amateurs—and sometimes bungling amateurs—in a job where amateurism is dangerously likely to lead to injustice and suffering.

Lord Kilmuir, the new Lord Chancellor, and the Home Secretary, Mr. Lloyd George, should see that all coroners, full-time or part-time, obey Rule 27, which forbids them to "express any opinion on any matter" outside their brief. They should also persuade local authorities to appoint fewer coroners—and better ones.

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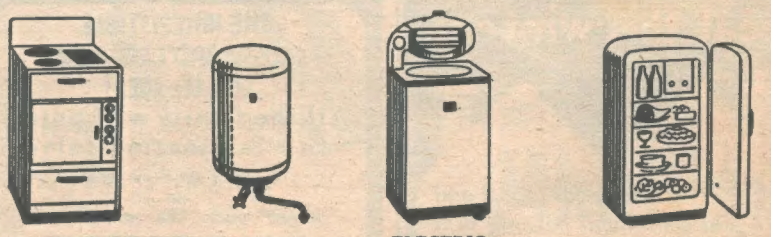

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What shall I give him? her?

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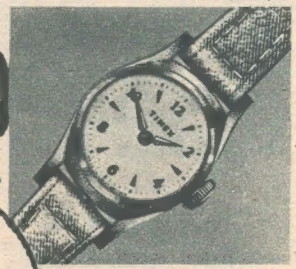

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FREE SPEECH

He puts pride before his profit

UNTIL recently, I was the manager of a large, modern department store, one of a chain of such shops.

Our selling methods were American, with the accent on profits and efficiency. Customers were units to be served and sent away at maximum speed. We were proud to think that our methods represented the last word in retail trading.

Overwork brought me a nervous breakdown, and my doctor forbade me to return to my old job.

My firm pensioned me off, and I looked for something else to do; I used my savings to buy a small general shop in a country village.

The change has made a new man of me. Sales-pressure has no part in my business, but my customers are my friends, and it's a point of pride to satisfy their wants, regardless of profits.

Until now, I had always regarded the village shopkeeper with contempt, as an anachronism that would be swallowed up by the chain stores.

My village will never have a chain store—it's too small. The village shopkeeper does a job every bit as good, though. He may even do it better, because he can never lose touch with his customers.—F. R. A., Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Ringing Changes

THE Assistant Postmaster-General has said that the Post Office is considering an alteration to call-box telephones, enabling threepenny pieces to be used.

Would this not be a suitable time to fit a device which limits local calls?

In South Africa they have a device like this, and over here, the saving in "man-hours spent waiting for chatterers to vacate the call-boxes would be enormous.—JULIAN BADCOCK, Fairmile Lane, Cobham.

The G.P.O. says that limiting calls of this kind to six minutes is one of the points being considered before the introduction of the new coin-box. Records show, however, that at least eighty per cent of these calls take less than six minutes.

Over A Barrel

I CANNOT help thinking that the publican who used strong disinfectant in his bar-cellar drains ("Science Has One On The House," JOHN BULL, November 20) must have been a very new or naïve young publican.

In my experience, most brewers supply their tenants and managers with a list of "do's and don'ts" for correct cellar maintenance.

Such things as the use of paint or disinfectant figure prominently among the "don'ts."

Certainly beer is easily upset. I have known it turn flat because the cover draping the barrel was not entirely free of the soap used in washing it.—J. PEARCE, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.

The brewers who supplied the beer mentioned in the article say that a cellar cannot be kept properly clean without disinfectant. They recommend its use to their licencees—but it must be of a type that does not have a strong smell, a fact overlooked by the publican concerned.

Combined Operation

IN Wales, on the River Tivy, I found fishermen using coracles—small boats of skin and basket-work—like those of the ancient Britons.

Building them is a traditional local craft, and I watched two men take their boats into the river, with a net stretched between them.

They drifted downstream, waiting to catch the salmon fighting up-river to the spawning grounds. Within thirty minutes, they came in with a large fish.

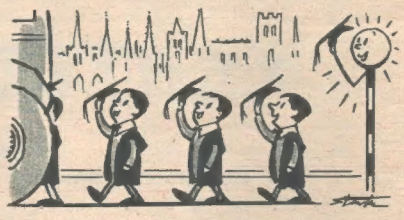
I asked for a loan of a boat to try it. With only a paddle for navigation, I spun in gentle circles until I ran aground—and was forced ignominiously to return overland, lugging my coracle with me.—R. NORMAN, Salford, Lancashire.

Tacitus, the Roman historian, records that Britons crossed the Channel to France in coracles two thousand years ago. Many of the present-day Welsh craft are covered with tarred calico instead of skin, and the cost of making one is about £7. Our photograph shows coracle fishermen on the River Tivy.

Polite Form

DRIVING my double-decker bus in Oxford recently, I approached a new pedestrian crossing. A group of small boys in mortar-board caps and gowns was waiting on the pavement to cross the road.

I pulled up to allow them to go over; led by a master, they passed in front of me, and as they did so each one doffed his mortar-board to me. It made my day in spite of the weather.—K. G. CARTER, St. Mary's Road, Oxford.



On The Cards

IN New Zealand, we eat Christmas dinner on the beach—for December is our summer.

Skating, snow and frost are legends to us—but we hold them very dear. Our Christmas cards invariably show Christmas in the style of Charles Dickens, or sleigh-riding ladies in Victorian costume. A modern card

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

HARRY HOPKINS visits TYNESIDE

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

They're yodelling approval of Dari-Rich, Caley's full-cream milk-chocolate assortment. They're carolling about its eleven centres—caramels, cokernut, soft toffee, strawberry and the chocolate yule-log with a nut in the middle. . . Oh! the rich, smooth Caley milk chocolate! And oh! the elevenly heavenly centres!

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

is almost unheard of in New Zealand.

Now I have come to the old country, hoping to see for myself what an old-fashioned Christmas is like. I notice the shops are full of cards that show anything but Christmas scenes. A well-meaning friend has even sent me one with a photograph of water-skiers on the New Zealand surf.—Miss J. K. E., London, W.C.2.

Night Shift

IN Nairn they have a monument which commemorates nothing. It has been a local landmark for over eighty years, without anyone knowing for certain why it was built.

Called the "Toorie," it is twelve

feet high, yet is said to have been put up in a single night, possibly by practical jokers.

The stones are believed to have been part of an old church belfry that lay for many years behind the gate of the parish church. Shortly after they disappeared, the Toorie came into being, looking suspiciously like a church tower.—Mrs. M. M., Scotland.

Mr. Charles Sellar, a local historian, says that the Toorie on Nairn Links, photographed above, was erected on the night of July 30, 1859, by Dr. John Grigor, Nairn's greatest benefactor. His object was to rescue from oblivion a set of quaint old stones that were orginally part of the belfry of the old parish church. The monument has seating accommodation for eight people, and may get its name from its resemblance to the "toorie" or woollen tuft on a Scotsman's bonnet.

Hands Off

WHAT impressed me most on a recent visit to Germany was the standard of cleanliness and hygiene which is enforced.

Not once during the three weeks I spent there did I see the smallest item of food left uncovered in a shop. The assistants were not allowed to touch anything with their bare hands.

When I bought half a pound of tiny cheese biscuits, the assistant picked them out patiently with a pair of tongs.

The cafés and the waiting-rooms at the railway stations are the cleanest and most pleasant that I have ever seen; some are even equipped with TV.

In food hygiene, we certainly have a great deal to learn from countries abroad.—Rosalie M. Simpson, Evington Road, Leicester.

High-Powered

THANK goodness there isn't a retiring age for doctors ("Free Speech," November 6).

Far too many professional men are obliged to retire nowadays, when they are, mentally, at the height of their powers. — Helen Cameron, Cove, Dunbartonshire.

The "Young Enough at Sixty" Association, an organization which promotes the employment of older people, says that out of a membership of three hundred, there are eighty doctors and 120 business executives all working full-time in their professions, and all over sixty.

Profit And Loss

AT my small business, I tried a profit-sharing scheme similar to the one described by your Yorkshire correspondent "J. F." ("Free Speech," Nov. 13).

My staff received a share in the profits, and for a time all went well. Then a strike in an industry with which we had dealings caused us to reduce our output—with a consequent decrease in profits.

A temporarily smaller wage packet brought immediate grumbles, and my staff requested me to go back to the old system of a fixed wage per hours worked.—P. B. W., Whiteladies Road, Bristol.

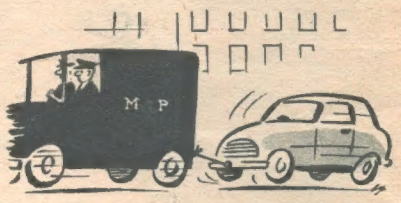
Danger Zone

IN some American cities, the problem of illicit car-parking is solved by having "tow-away zones."

In these areas, parking is prohibited, and any car found there is removed by the police. It can only be reclaimed on payment of a substantial fine.

Isn't there an idea here for Britain?—W. J. Baker, Highbridge Road, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.

Scotland Yard says that in London, the Commissioner of Police can



make regulations to prohibit parking in certain areas, and can order vehicles contravening those regulations to be removed by the police. This was done with several cars outside the Earls Court Motor Show in October this year.

Trying Tests

MUCH is written about the skill of the motor racing driver but, as a car tester, I believe that drivers like myself have much more to contend with.

A racing driver travels on a closed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Wise mother, to put the cot near father—but not so wise as baby. For dealing with grown-ups she has two weapons: a smile and a wail. The speed with which a child discovers that these get results is part of its amazing ability to learn. In eighteen months a baby sits, crawls, stands, walks, talks, distinguishes and manipulates objects, recognizes parents and a host of relatives and friends—and, in accordance with good medical practice, rejects the unhygienic dummy offered as a last resort. "If I learned as much in a year as a baby," declares artist Harry Zelinski, father of two daughters, "I'd be an intellectual prodigy by now."

Say "Happy Christmas" with the notepaper used by famous people

ANY ONE of these elegant Basildon Bond gift suggestions will make a charming present for your friends.

Basildon Bond is used by Miss Valerie Hobson, Sir Compton Mackenzie, and many other distinguished people who prefer its crisp texture and fine-grained writing surface. By choosing Basildon Bond, you not only give a present that your friends will love—you pay them a compliment as well!

This elegant gift box, 11¼" x 7¾", is grey and blue or maroon and grey. It contains 60 folded sheets of Basildon Bond notepaper (blue or white), 60 envelopes to match, and a handy jotter. Price 10/-.

Attractive gift box, 7¾" x 6", in maroon and grey or blue and grey designs, contains 32 folded sheets of Basildon Bond notepaper (blue, white or azure), 32 matching envelopes and a jotter. Price 4/9d.

Always popular—this smart "Pliacraft" writing-case is easy to carry or to pack. It comes in blue, brown, or red oyster-grain and is filled with Basildon Bond. Price 9/11d. Also in other styles from 4/6d. to 14/6d.

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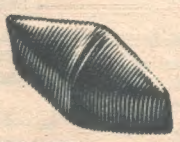
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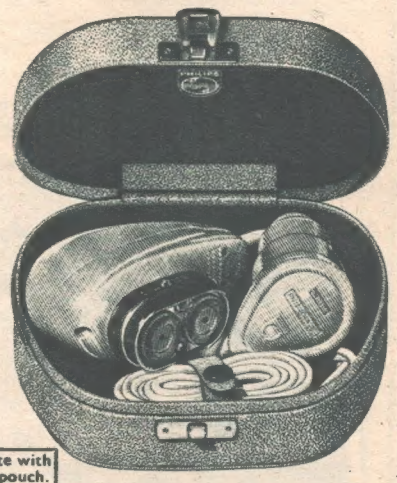

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

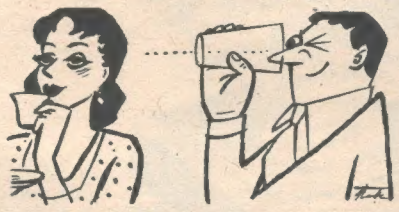
circuit with other skilled drivers, in a car that has been tested and tried.

Our chaps have to test cars up to and over one hundred miles an hour—new cars, straight off the assembly line. We test them on ordinary roads at any time of day, irrespective of traffic conditions. Judgment has to be keen, and every movement of lorry, car, cycle and jay-walker has to be anticipated.

I don't underrate the skill of the racing driver, but watching our chaps flip up and down the by-pass at a hundred-plus, it struck me that they do quite a job.—R. H. CORDERY, Standard Motor Co., Coventry.

Woman's View

A PECULIARLY feminine trait that I have noticed is that when drinking



from a cup or a tumbler, a woman will invariably look *over* it.

A man, on the other hand, normally looks into the bottom of his glass. I am, however, rather doubtful what this goes to prove.—R. CHAPPELL, Neckinger Estate, London, S.E.16.

Present Sense

WHY is it that few of today's parents encourage their children to make Christmas presents?

Admittedly it's much easier to give a child five shillings "to buy something for Uncle John"—yet this must foster a wrong idea of the festival in a young mind. A present is to show someone that you're fond of them, and money can't buy affection.

When I was young, a bought present was unheard of, and our uncles and aunts were delighted with the pen-wipers and blotting books that we gave them, for they represented labours of love.

I believe that there was a closer bond between children and their relatives then, than there is now.—MRS. JOAN GREEN, Cardiff.

Shoot First!

I ENJOYED reading Ronnie Noble's account of his activities in the Western Desert in 1941 (*Shoot First!*, November 13).

However, he appears to have made the same mistake as many others in believing that the Tobruk garrison was, at that time, manned by the Australians.

In fact, the "Aussies" had been replaced by the British 70th Division. This gigantic change-over was completed by the Mediterranean Fleet, entirely at night.

I was one of a company of sappers who left Alexandria in the destroyer Griffin. When we arrived at Tobruk around midnight, we filed silently into the foxholes vacated by the Australians, who were taken back to Alexandria in the same ship. — R. HARTLEY, Firbeck, Worksop, Notts.

Sir Winston Churchill has described how, under pressure from the Australian Government, the Australian troops in Tobruk were reluctantly withdrawn at this time. ("The Second World War," vol. 3.) On October 27, 1941, he telegraphed to the Australian Prime Minister details of shipping losses incurred "last night in going to fetch the last one thousand two hundred Australians remaining in Tobruk."

The final instalment of "Shoot First!" begins on page 18.

Food For Thought

AS a Chinese student visiting your country to take exams at one of your universities, I encounter the greatest difficulty in the matter of suitable food. At home, a student is fed for his examinations. His family provide him with stimulating delicacies to foster his intellect.

Bird's-nest soup is particularly efficacious in this respect, but best of all is filleted snake steak.

These I find impossibly expensive in your country, and I am bewildered to understand how my fellow students here can prepare themselves adequately for examination on a diet of fish and chips or sausage and mash.—J. F. SOONG, London.

Water Sport

WALKING past a smart restaurant in the Santa Lucia quarter of Naples one summer, I watched helplessly as my husband was seized by a crowd of laughing Italians and flung into the harbour.

No malice was intended—it was all part of "The festival of the dressed people," and we hadn't been warned about it.

Four hundred years ago, a boat

sank in Naples harbour, and all that was salvaged was a packing-case containing a picture of the Virgin Mary.

Ever since, on the last Sunday in August, the scene has been re-enacted. Unsuspecting people are tossed into the water, and a picture of the Virgin is carried ceremonially ashore. This is followed by a religious procession and games.—MRS. B. WRIGHT, Glasgow.

Our photograph shows the painting of the Virgin being brought ashore at Santa Lucia during this festival.

Black List

JUST before the Christmas holidays, the nerves of my pupils and myself were at breaking point.

In a last effort to curb the holiday feeling and get my clerical work up to date, I announced that for the rest of the morning any boy caught misbehaving would be punished.

Soon afterwards, I saw the two quietest boys in the class having an animated conversation over a piece of paper. I dealt with them as I had threatened, and confiscated the paper.

On it, as neatly as a boy could write, were the words: "Present for teacher"; below this was a list of contributions, ranging from a halfpenny to twopence.

I didn't get my present.—T. C., Gourock, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE ENEMY BOY

A gripping story by MARK DERBY

Buy Biro for Christmas*

Every pen in special gift pack

Magnum

For that *special* present — it's the Magnum. With its gleaming cap and fittings, greatly increased capacity refill, and handsome presentation case, the Magnum makes a perfect gift for those who deserve the best.

18/6

Retractable de Luxe

It's slim, it's elegant, it's a ballpoint you can *wear*. The Retractable de Luxe has a smooth, reliable mechanism, and like all Biros, it's a present that will last and last.

8/3

Retractable

Handsomely styled, the Retractable has a simple direct action — there's literally nothing to go wrong. In fact, it's just the ballpoint for hard wear and long service.

4/6

Corona

Easy to write with, easy to look at, they'll appreciate the Corona's graceful styling and flawless finish.

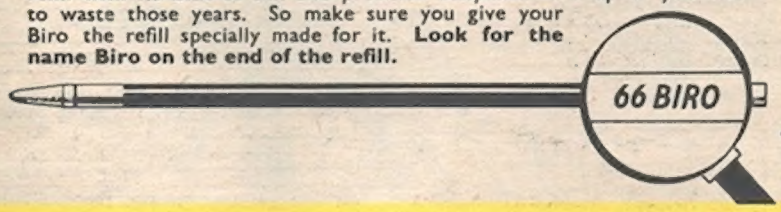
6/3

Citizen

Designed for long life and perfect writing service, you can choose the Citizen from a variety of attractive colours. Put one in their Christmas stocking.

3/7

And remember Only a genuine Biro refill gives genuine Biro performance. Years of research went to produce the Biro refill with its Blue-66 ink and precision ballpoint. It's up to you not to waste those years. So make sure you give your Biro the refill specially made for it. **Look for the name Biro on the end of the refill.**



Buy Biro – they're right on the ball

PORAGE or PORRIDGE ?

What's the difference? Spell it either way; it means a fine hot breakfast. But there is a difference. There's something extra special about PORAGE (spelt like this on every Scott's pack) because Scott's Porage is made from genuine Scottish oats* the real stuff — milled only by Scott's in Scotland.

IS SCOTT'S EXPENSIVE? NO.
It's less than a penny a plateful—only 11½d. for a 1 lb. pack, 1/9½d. for a 2 lb pack.

IS SCOTT'S QUICK? YES.
Cooks while the kettle boils; so quick, so simple, and gives you a really creamy plateful.

*Sir James Scott Watson, now chief Scientific Advisor, Ministry of Agriculture, writes of "the acknowledged superiority of Scotch oats" which "seem to have a higher proportion of oil and protein".

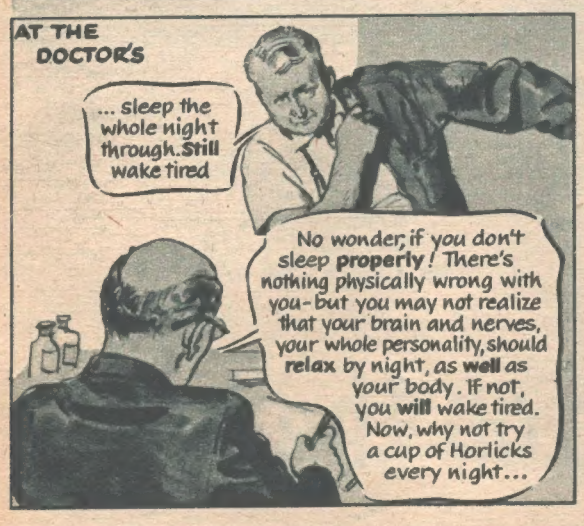
(Extract from Watson & Moore: Agriculture—Science and Practice of British Farming, Oliver & Boyd, Ltd.)

Scott's
—THE REAL STUFF

We don't like Santa Claus!

Another complaint about your irritability! I hired you because of your good reputation with the kids
Sorry, sir, I've felt so tired lately—dunno what's come over me

No money to get presents for the grandchildren, now I've lost that job, Peg. If only I weren't feeling so tired these days!
You haven't been yourself for a week or two, Mike... see the doctor!


AT THE DOCTOR'S
... sleep the whole night through. Still wake tired
No wonder, if you don't sleep properly! There's nothing physically wrong with you—but you may not realize that your brain and nerves, your whole personality, should relax by night, as well as your body. If not, you will wake tired. Now, why not try a cup of Horlicks every night...

SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
..THEN SOME TIME LATER
Trouble about these 'ere summer jobs, Mike, is—it's such terrible hard work looking for 'em!
Hard work! Youngster like you! Someone ought to tip you off to Horlicks, lad!

HORLICKS

The gunman's girl

by ***THURMAN WARRINER***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

"I'm not walking out on him now," she said. Inspector Bracegirdle admired her spirit. He disliked more than ever what he had to do

INSPECTOR BRACEGIRDLE is still at Holtrigg, pursuing his conscientious and, for the most part, unadventurous career. His outstanding achievement during the summer months—and certainly the one which brought him the greatest personal satisfaction—was winning a first prize for six roses in the Constabulary Flower Show at Northfield. There was a time, several months earlier, when he scarcely expected living long enough to exhibit.

There are also vague stories circulating in Holtrigg of severe disciplinary action at about the same time. It is rumoured that he almost left the force—whether by resignation or dismissal is not quite clear. But if anyone mentions that to him now, he merely smiles and changes the subject.

It was during the bitter February weather that blocked most of the Blackwinter roads with heavy drifts and sheeted the rest with an inch of glass-hard ice. At such times, the natives of Holtrigg prudently avoid the moors, but not so the foolhardy bands of hikers and climbers. They accept the hazards of the high places as a challenge, cheerfully risking their own lives and expecting the natives to risk theirs if a broken leg or a mis-read map threatens disaster.

Three youths had left Northfield at noon on Saturday, turned up the Winterhill track, and had not been seen since. Bracegirdle had been out after them with all the men he could collect when Timmy Cullen went berserk with his gun.

The inspector came down the slopes in the teeth of the bitter wind, tired and hungry, limping with a cricked ankle.

"Not a sign!" he told Sergeant Strake. "And there's more snow blowing up. Twelve more hours of this and they've had it."

"Meanwhile," the sergeant said affably, "we've had a stick-up."

"You've what?"

"Sub post office in Stonefield Road. Masked man with a gun held up Mrs. Haxton."

"Any casualties?"

"Nope. He didn't shoot. Didn't get away with anything, either. It was Timmy Cullen."

The inspector eased off his boot and began to rub his swollen ankle. "Pulled him in?"

STRAKE shook his head. "Not yet. Crowd chased him down the street, but he got clean away after putting a couple of shots in the air. Wouldn't be surprised if he's among those old warehouses behind the tannery, but you can't do much about it till daylight."

"Unless the Stevens girl knows something about him," Bracegirdle said thoughtfully.

"Wouldn't put it past her, sir. Beats me what she can see in him."

"You'd better have a word with her. . . . No, I'll see to that myself. I'd better drop in on Mrs. Haxton as well."

"She'll be glad to see you, sir. First exciting

Her eyes were steady, her chin tilted up at him stubbornly. "You're a smart girl, Vera," the inspector said. "Why waste yourself on Cullen?"

thing that's happened to her since she buried her third husband. . . ."

Inspector Bracegirdle was often called a hard man, and outwardly that was what he seemed. But he had a soft core. Many an old lag had cause to thank him for a helping hand, many a young delinquent had been given a chance to go straight if Bracegirdle thought it was deserved. And he liked to think that his judgment was sound. Timmy Cullen had let him down badly.

Timmy was born and brought up on a small-holding at the edge of the moor, a ramshackle place with packing-case outhouses and dank chicken runs. He won a scholarship to the grammar school, but there was no money to send him farther when he left. Brooding and resentful, he came back to slave for next to nothing in his father's stony fields till the army took him for two years.

After that, he had drifted from bad to worse. It was only Bracegirdle's leniency, based on his knowledge of the circumstances, that had more than once kept the boy out of prison.

The inspector, as tired as ever he had been in his life, was thinking this over as he walked to the post office in Stonefield Road. Few people were about and there was no traffic on the icy roads. The evening papers were not on sale, so the drifts must be bad. He wondered grimly what sort of shape those three lost boys would be in by morning.

THE shop was closed and Bracegirdle went to the back door. Mrs. Haxton, full of self-importance, began to tell her story with a wealth of detail that was probably for the most part imaginary.

"Oh, it was Timmy Cullen all right!" she said. "The good-for-nothing scoundrel."

"You're sure of that, even though he was wearing a mask?"

"Sure? I should think I am! Just before closing time. I was cashing up. One of those big coloured handkerchiefs over his face, but I'd have known him anywhere."

"How would you, Mrs. Haxton?"

"Well, I would!"

Bracegirdle sighed. A typically feminine reply. "There was no one else in the shop?"

"Not a soul! But I've often thought what I'd do if such a thing happened, Inspector, and I did it. You don't occupy a responsible position like mine without learning to keep your wits about you. I put my hand in the drawer as if I was going to do as he said, but instead of that I picked up one of the parcel weights and threw it through the window. My, you should have seen him run!"

"Did you recognize the man's voice as Timmy Cullen's when he spoke to you?"

He was still reluctant to believe that his protégé had failed him, but Mrs. Haxton's reply was emphatic.

"I'd know Timmy Cullen's voice anywhere!" she said. "Have you caught him yet, Inspector?"

"Not yet," he admitted. "But we shall."

"Mind, he's got a gun. *And* he'll use it." The woman's voice was shrill. "He's the murdering type, Inspector, I've always said that. You want to be careful."

Yes, Timmy Cullen had a gun. And having a gun does something to a man, Bracegirdle reflected as he went down the street. It's like a drug, bolstering up a man with an illusion of superiority and power. A man with a gun doesn't have to rely on his wits or the strength of his arm. Any rat can pull a trigger.

After a cautious, slippery progress across the market square, he turned into the Crown Inn.

It was comfortably full, and there seemed to be only two topics of conversation—the hard weather and that afternoon's raid on the post office. The story had lost nothing during the three hours since Timmy Cullen had confronted the postmistress with his gun. Apparently he had fired twice at her, escaped through a broken window, shot his way through the crowd, and was only biding his time before breaking cover and shooting again.

The inspector pushed past the tables to the counter. Vera Stevens was pulling beer. She stopped and stared at him with big, frightened eyes still bright with tears.

"I don't want anything to drink, Vera. Can you spare a minute?"

She nodded. "Come through the back."

He lifted the flap and passed into the long stone corridor behind the bar.

"Where's Timmy?" she asked breathlessly.

"That's what I was hoping to find out from you. Don't you know?"

"I haven't seen him since Friday. Honestly I haven't, Mr. Bracegirdle."

"All right. Don't upset yourself, Vera. I know how you feel. Can you tell me anything about this gun? I'd no idea he had one. Where did he get it?"

"Somewhere in London. He's had it six months. It was after he got in trouble about the car."

Somehow, Timmy had acquired a car without paying for it, sold it, and lost the money on a horse.

"It's not all Timmy's fault, Mr. Bracegirdle. Nobody would give him a job."

"Maybe not the sort of easy, big-money job he wanted, Vera. But there was farming. He worked on his father's place long enough, and Gorman found him something to do when he came out of the army. He could have made good. He's a way with dogs and sheep and he knows the moors like the back of his own hand."

"That's what I said, but he wouldn't listen. He said he was through with farming. There was plenty of money to be made in London if you were smart enough, he said, and he knew where he could find some of the boys who'd been in the army with him."

Bracegirdle thought of the watchful, heavy-lidded youths who lurk on the Soho street corners. "But he didn't stay there long," Vera went on defensively. "He wasn't as bad as all that."

"Did Timmy's conscience bring him back, or had you something to do with it?"

"Well, I *did* write. Nearly every day. Maybe that helped."

Bracegirdle looked down into her flushed, pretty face. "I wouldn't be surprised. But I wish he hadn't brought that gun back with him."

"He showed it to me one night when he'd been in here and had a few drinks. I was frightened. I made him give it to me and took it home."

"To Cameron Street? You're still living there with your aunt? I wish you'd brought that gun to me, Vera. Did you notice if it was loaded?"

"Yes, it was. I—I'd have taken the cartridges out, but I didn't know how, and I daren't handle it."

"Why did you give it back to him?"

"I didn't. He must have taken it without telling me. He's been living at Carnelli's——"

BRACEGIRDLE gave her a sharp glance. Carnelli's was a cheap transport café on the Northfield road with half a dozen cubicles above. All the riff-raff of the district congregated there.

"If I'd known that, I'd have kept a sharper eye on him."

"He came to see me one day last week and waited for about an hour when I wasn't in," Vera said. "That's when he must have got the gun back."

Bracegirdle looked pityingly at the girl, her wide grey eyes steady in spite of their swollen lids, her small chin stubbornly tilted. "You're a smart girl, Vera. You must meet a lot of men, working in a place like this. Honest, decent men. Why waste yourself on Cullen?"

"It isn't waste, Mr. Bracegirdle. He's not

Vera looked up. "Timmy," she pleaded, "come

down. *Please*, Timmy!" But Cullen took no notice. He climbed higher, towards the trapdoor

really bad. Besides, it's partly my fault. Ever since he's known me it's seemed to make things harder for him. No job, no money, no way we could ever get married. I'm not walking out on him now. Whatever he's done I'm not, so it's no use trying to persuade me."

"I'm not trying to. And I'm glad to hear you talk like that. But you're tackling a big thing, Vera. The law doesn't like gun-play. This time he'll go down for a long stretch, and you know what that means. It may cure him. Or he may come out worse than he goes in. You have to take that risk."

"I'll take it," she said quietly.

Hearing Cullen's name, she glanced back along the corridor. "They should smoke him out!" somebody was saying. "The way the Yanks do. No kid-glove methods there. Get him before he gets somebody else, that's what I say."

Inspector Bracegirdle gripped Vera's shoulder a moment, and then left the Crown Inn by way of the back door and the yard. He was a policeman. His job was to get Cullen, and he was going to do it. But the broad streak of humanity in Bracegirdle made him regret what had to be done.

"Anything fresh?" he asked the sergeant back at the police station. "No news of the boys?"

"Not a twitter, sir. Party's been up from the Grassingford side, but they've had to turn back. Another foot of snow up there. Looks to me——"

At that moment the telephone rang. Sergeant Strake leaned over the desk to answer it. "What's that? Oh Lord, that's torn it! Yes, just come in. Hold on!"

"Cullen?" Bracegirdle asked.

"Seems he was around the tannery buildings just like I said. Now he's climbed over the roofs to the churchyard, got into the church and up the tower. Says he's going to blow the 'ead off the first ruddy cop who shows his helmet up the belfry stairs."

"I don't wear a helmet," Bracegirdle said grimly.

"We've three men up there and a couple of specials. What are you going to do, sir?"

"Get him!" He eased his cricked ankle against the leg of the chair. "We'd better have the fire brigade up there, Strake. I want a light on that tower. Speaker and a mike, too. I'm going to talk to him."

"There's just one language that bird understands, but have it your own way, sir. . . . You'll find some hot coffee in the back room. Get a drink while I'm using the blower."

A quarter of an hour later they started down the street. It was an eerie sight that met them as they turned off Market Hill to the churchyard. Already, the big square tower was brilliantly lit by two powerful beams shooting upwards through the thinly falling snow. Half a dozen constables were strategically disposed among the gravestones, an excited crowd was rubber-necking over the wall.

"Keep these people out of the way," Bracegirdle said, elbowing towards the gate. "Has he shown himself any more?"

"Caught a glimpse now and then, sir," one of the constables said. "Seems to be in the ringers' chamber."

Bracegirdle stalked to the tender and picked up the microphone. His crisp voice, amplified to a resounding boom, seemed to fill the whole frostbound town.

"Cullen, you haven't a chance! We're all round you. If you've any sense you'll realize that. Come down before we start making things uncomfortable for you."

There was no indication that Cullen had understood or even heard.

"You can't get away with it, Cullen. We've got the fire brigade here and half the town's

Continued on page 53

Michael Bowen puts any question on the air

by KEITH ELLIS

Indiscreet answers and forgetful speakers are his main worries. As producer of radio's unscripted *Any Questions?* he seeks out controversy—and likes to hear the audience boo

Bowen (right) and Frank Gillard, head of West Region programmes, sort questions. One person asked: "Are fat men more faithful than thin?"

After a show, the panel relaxes. Bowen usually has two politicians on each panel, "because politics comes into almost everything now"

BEFORE EACH SESSION of *Any Questions?* Michael Bowen, the producer, drills the audience in the "spontaneous" applause that listeners hear at the beginning of the broadcast. Their cue is a flashing red light. Once, one of the team tripped over a cable as he stepped on to the stage and put the red light out of action. Bowen, listening on his headphones to the opening announcement from London, suddenly realized that the audience should be clapping—and the red light had not even started to flash. He grimaced, waved and went through the motions of clapping so effectively that the audience saw immediately what he wanted. "They put up a wonderful show," he recalls, "much better than in rehearsal."

An affable, soft-spoken Bristolian of thirty-four, Bowen has for the last two seasons coped successfully with the unpredictable difficulties which arise from putting on a live broadcast from a different place each eek. Since the West Region's public brains trust is completely unscripted, he has the added worry that in a moment of forgetfulness the team may offend B.B.C. protocol by attacking absent persons, or naming proprietary products. They may also break the law by discussing matters which are *sub judice* or saying something which is libellous, profane or obscene.

Nine Million Listen In

One of the few regional programmes to be broadcast nationally, *Any Questions?* is among the B.B.C.'s top five sound programmes. Every Friday night, about six and a half million listeners hear it on the Light Programme, and a further two and a half million tune in to the Tuesday repeat on the Home. In seven successive seasons, comprising well over two hundred sessions, listeners have heard teams of four speakers discuss spontaneously questions as varied as: "Are fat men more faithful than thin?" and "Does the team agree with Stalin's thesis on the possibility of war between the capitalist states?" Since the programme started, Freddy Grisewood, the permanent chairman, has missed only three broadcasts.

Through foresight and punctilious attention to detail, Bowen has ensured that *Any Questions?* has always gone on at the appointed time. Halfway through the last series, he suddenly realized that he had never taken any precautions against a power failure. That week, he asked an officer at the drill hall from which they were broadcasting to provide a man who knew the location of the fuse box. "By a remarkable coincidence," recalls Bowen, "the lights went out just before we were due to go on the air."

Rushing to the fuses, the man found one that had failed. He mended it and the lights went on. "Now," says Bowen, "I always have someone to keep an eye on the fuses."

Because he can usually overcome them, Bowen worries less about physical difficulties than about the indiscretions of his speakers. During a broadcast last year, Major Lewis Hastings referred to "ridiculous questions asked in the House about the conduct of the army in Kenya when some fatuous nonsense was talked by men like Fenner Brockway."

Brockway complained to Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., and to Earl De La Warr, the Postmaster-General. Meanwhile, a group of M.P.s seriously considered raising the matter as a breach of privilege. Finally, Sir Ian wrote Brockway a personal note of apology, had the offending passage cut from the programme's repeat and ordered Grisewood to read a further apology at the beginning of the next broadcast.

Since speakers from all over the country make their own way to the programme's various locations in the West Region area, Bowen has to trust to luck that they will arrive on time. Before a broadcast from Bideford, North Devon, Lord Elton rang the then producer, Nicholas Crocker, to say that he had been directed to the wrong train at Exeter and was now in Plymouth. What should he do? Crocker told him to hire a car and drive the fifty-eight miles to Bideford as fast as he could. "He arrived just in time to snatch a cup of coffee before going on the air," says Crocker.

Because they relieve the often over-generous applause of the audience, Bowen welcomes boos and other signs of disagreement. Freddy Grisewood recalls an occasion when an audience took exception to Colin Wills's views as to whether girls should or should not be allowed to wear ear-rings at school.

"It was magnificent," says Grisewood. "They rose as one man and shouted 'No'."

Slept During An Argument

The cameras picked up a somewhat different audience reaction during a televised session at Walthamstow Town Hall, London. While two rival politicians were fervently attacking each other, an old lady was knitting and chatting placidly with her neighbour. A few rows away, a man was fast asleep.

Since *Any Questions?* is unscripted, speakers often forget the B.B.C.'s ban on advertising. Sir David Eccles once mentioned the name of a chemical cleaner and Jennie Lee quoted a patent medicine. When Robert Henriques inadvertently named a Sunday newspaper, he covered his mistake by reeling off the names of all the others.

Much more serious, however, was the team's

At a broadcast from the village hall of Porlock, Somerset, the panel answers a questioner. Once, a whole audience stood up and shouted: "No"

reaction to a question about whether M.P.s should divulge the contents of constituents' letters without permission. Knowing that the Speaker of the House of Commons was still considering the matter, Sir Edward Boyle and Anthony Wedgwood Benn declined to speak. With the permission of the chairman and producer, the other members of the team expressed strong opinions.

At the next sitting of Parliament, the House referred these comments to the Committee of Privileges.

"For a time," says Bowen, "it looked as though the producer would have to apologize at the bar of the House." Fortunately, the committee decided that the broadcast did not tend to "influence, alter or modify" the decision of the Speaker.

Chairman Was Horrified

In spite of these incidents, Bowen has a constant stream of letters from listeners who insist that the team knows the questions beforehand. "Since the audience hands in the questions just before the performance," says Bowen, "this is impossible. Sometimes, of course, the team anticipates questions—especially the topical ones."

During one session, Freddy Grisewood was horrified to see Lord Pakenham drag a Blue Book out of his pocket and start to read from it in answering a question. "It was a terrible blow to our reputation for spontaneity. By a pure coincidence, he'd brought the book to read on the train."

The fact that people from cabinet ministers to frustrated farmers discuss publicly such questions as "Should the Prime Minister retire?" and "Should the Coronation be televised?" gives *Any Questions?* a strong political and topical significance. Cabinet Ministers and even the Prime Minister have asked for transcripts of a broadcast. When John Arlott criticized Dr. Malan's racial policies, angry comment followed in the South African press. When Ed Murrow, the U.S. television commentator, was compiling a programme on British radio, he included a film of an *Any Questions?* team discussing topics of the day.

In consultation with Frank Gillard, head of West Region programmes, and Bill Coysh, the assistant head, Bowen plans *Any Questions?* months in advance. "We visit three types of places in rotation—small towns, factory canteens and closed communities, like arts centres and service camps." For each broadcast, he appoints a local organizer, often a clerk to the council or a factory manager.

Each team consists of one of the four regulars (A. G. Street, Ralph Wightman, Mary Stocks and Jack Longland), and usually two politicians of opposing parties ("because politics comes into almost everything nowadays"), and a fourth person who represents the arts, journalism, industry or the trade unions.

To ensure that the audience is not one-sided, Bowen asks the local organizer to distribute half the tickets to the general public and to divide the rest between political and social organizations of opposing views. Each ticket holder is asked to bring a written question.

Two hours before the broadcast, the team joins Freddy Grisewood at a local inn, where they chat and have tea and dinner. "That's to get the team in the right mood." Just before 7.15 p.m., the audience files into the hall, leaving its questions with the stewards at the doors. While Bowen sorts them out backstage, Gillard or Coysh explains the arrangements to the audience, cracks a few jokes and offers himself as a one-man brains trust on the B.B.C. "That's to get the audience in the right mood."

At 7.55 p.m., Bowen announces the names of the people whose questions have been chosen and asks them to move to reserved seats in the front row. He then shows them how to speak into the microphone at the foot of the stage on Grisewood's cue: ". . . Next question from . . ." Although the team discusses an average of six or seven questions each session, Bowen has twelve questions ready, about a third of them humorous. Most of the serious ones are highly topical and highly controversial. "That's what has kept us going so long."

After Bowen has rehearsed the applause, Grisewood leads the team members on to the stage and introduces them. He and Bowen sit at one table, the team at another. At 8.15 p.m., the red light starts flashing. The audience applauds. *Any Questions?* is on the air.

Grisewood repeats each question slowly—"to give the team ten seconds to think." Twice he has had to read out questions for people who failed at the microphone. One had a stammer. The other could not read his own writing. "Now," says Bowen, "we give questioners a typed copy of their question."

Thousand Letters A Week

A former newspaperman and freelance broadcaster, Bowen became outside broadcasts producer for the West Region in April, 1953. Besides *Any Questions?*, he handles a sporting event each Saturday, a weekly discussion programme on drama, and *Any Answers?*, a letter programme in which listeners make points missed by the speakers in *Any Questions?* "We had fifteen hundred letters in the first week, two hundred the second and two thousand the third. We're now steady at over a thousand."

Although routine work ties him to his office most of the week, Bowen has to travel all over the West of England for *Any Questions?* Because his wife was expecting a baby any minute, he was especially anxious to return home after a broadcast from an army camp in Wiltshire last season. Unfortunately, the roads, bad at the best of times, were impassable with ice and he had to stay the night.

"The baby didn't arrive until four days later," he says. "But I made sure we had a question on the bad state of Wiltshire roads." THE END

Their hatred smouldered like tinder under a blazing sun. It would burst into violence any moment, as soon as it reached

FLASHPOINT

by **PATRICK DOLAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

THE TINY PLANE seemed to pause for a moment with insect-like caution, then fluttered down almost noiselessly on to the dusty landing strip. Carran threw back the Perspex cowling and leaped out, almost in one aggressive movement, before the wheels had stopped turning. He stood with a sour expression twisting his still pale face as he watched the heavier, older bulk of Jaugersten emerge and climb deliberately down.

The two men studied each other in the sudden silence of the hot evening, with the sun a hazy copper smudge above the low, scrub-dotted skyline.

"Well?" Jaugersten demanded at length.

"Is that all? The works?" Carran's tone was contemptuous. "Just the two plantations? A double milk-run twice a week?"

"I've told you there'll be more. They're planting three thousand new acres in the spring."

"You told me a lot of things." Anger was getting the better of the contempt in Carran's voice. "You told me there was really something to this job. 'Dangerous, exacting work'—that's what you said."

As he thought of it again, of those letters Jaugersten had written, the sharp anger of frustration rose in his throat. *"I can promise you all the dangerous flying you want,"* Jaugersten had written. *"Exacting, low-altitude stuff, and highly profitable, too. There are plenty of fliers would cut in on this job if they knew about it. The best thing you can do is to take my word and come out and see for yourself."*

That had done it, the mysterious half-explanation of the job he had seen advertised, the promise of excitement and a big pay-off. Carran had decided to risk the eighty pounds the fare would cost him.

He had arrived that morning in a mood of high anticipation. From the moment he had got off the boat, and through every yard of the bouncing, tiring journey in the jeep, his mind had tried to jump ahead, to guess just what kind of a job it was going to be. And this was it—spraying insecticide on damned tobacco from a height of nought feet at a speed of nought perishing miles an hour.

The two men faced each other, Carran angrily, Jaugersten with a stolidity it seemed nothing could shake.

"Another thing I told you." Jaugersten's burnt granite face betrayed no emotion. "I told you there are plenty of out-of-work fliers around. So—do you want the job or don't you? I just want to know."

He turned abruptly away to the machine and became absorbed in a minute check of its efficiency, moving heavy-footed, touching, peering. Carran watched the performance in silence, his expression as sour as the frustrated, angry taste in his mouth.

It wasn't merely the job that was wrong. Carran had got over his youthful dreams of shooting up bandits from outmoded Spits, of running contraband in ageing Daks. This was a flying job, and it could have been good enough for him. The thing that was really wrong about it was Jaugersten.

He had felt antagonism growing in him from the moment they'd met, when Jaugersten had looked him over soberly and without comment; and certainly without elation.

He gazed at Jaugersten now, as the older man reached a dip-stick into the belly tank of sour-smelling insecticide, peering closely at the spray attachment. Then Jaugersten straightened his great shoulders and turned.

"Well?" he said again.

Carran stared at him coldly. "The fare was eighty-odd pounds," he said. "At least I'm staying to work that off."

Jaugersten stared back deliberately for several seconds. Then he said: "Maybe that's the best way. If you're fool enough not to take a chance when you see it, that's your look-out. This thing's going to be big. I've got the only contract."

Carran glared at the miserable little butterfly of a plane, at the new tin shanty that was living-quarters, hangar and workshop combined, at the stacked drums of spirit and poisonous pest-killer.

"Keep it," he said briefly.

Jaugersten's face darkened a shade. "I'll pay you a hundred pounds to stay a month," he said heavily. "I'll give it to you at the end of the month because I couldn't raise it now. This crate and the other stuff you've been sneering at ever since you arrived has cost me my lot."

He moved towards Carran, wiping his great hands calmly. "Maybe you can't come down to this after those fast jet jobs they let you play with in the Service. Maybe you're just a little too good for this sort of thing—is that it?"

Carran eyed Jaugersten angrily. "Maybe," he said. "But I'll take your hundred, for one month."

Jaugersten nodded. "Right. You'll fly at thirty feet and ninety miles an hour. You'll fly over every third row of plants, all day, every other shift with me. And just as soon as I get my first monthly cheque from the syndicate you can quit."

Carran didn't answer. He was already walking away.

ALL that week they scarcely spoke, but the resentment between them smouldered like tinder under the blazing sun. Every other morning they watched the natives fuel the tiny plane and the protruding belly tank from the twin stacks of drums. Then one of them climbed into the cockpit while the other removed the small, almost toy chocks.

The machine answered their two temperaments precisely. With Jaugersten at the controls she made a steady, almost plodding run and took off at a flat rate of climb, while Carran took her up in an impetuous rush, with an awkward, angry leap into flight.

Even the two flat-faced "boys" who came up from the village each day to do the chores observed the growing conflict between them. And it was clear that their allegiance was to Jaugersten, who was always good for the luxury of a cigarette at sundown and a friendly curse in their own tongue. They didn't understand the other morose and pale white man who had as little as possible to do with anyone, and who shut himself up for hours with the strangely roaring white man's music-box.

It was only natural that Carran's temperament should suffer most under the deadlock. He was provoked and baited all the time by the sustained, granite-like finality of Jaugersten's attitude. He felt he had been outsmarted from the beginning. And he had a growing desire to hit back.

The job was hell, too. It was with him night and day. By day, as Carran flew his shifts, the regiments of plants, grey-green with dust, seemed endless. And when he closed his eyes at night he saw the flickering needles of the toy instrument panel. The motor buzzed tauntingly with the mosquitoes somewhere outside the damp, suffocating net.

It was Carran's first experience of the tropics, and to start with he was too concerned with the austerity and discomfort of his new way of life to give much practical thought to getting his own back on Jaugersten. But there came a day when he suddenly realized how he could do it. He felt better the moment he thought of it.

He had brought the plane in to refuel almost without looking at the shimmering, dusty strip at all. The resultant emergency landing

His head spinning, Carran pulled himself up and

saw Jaugersten crawling nearer, away from the burning plane. The flames had caught hold and were leaping along the broken wing towards the fuel tank

brought the plane to a standstill not more than a couple of yards short of the two solid-looking stacks of drums. But with the idea he now had in his mind Carran only laughed instead of swearing at the stampeding natives.

Dangerous, exacting stuff! And Jaugersten, with his last penny staked in this wretched game, using him, and only waiting to get rid of him at the end of the month. He'd show Jaugersten a thing or two!

CARRAN watched the petrol gauge all that afternoon, thinking of Jaugersten. He flew over every fifth row instead of every third. He swooped until the wheels almost touched the plants, then climbed to the limit of impetus to repeat the performance.

Approaching the landing strip, he had five precious gallons of fuel in hand, and a mental picture of Jaugersten's granite face baiting him.

Carran saw Jaugersten moving doggedly towards the far end of the strip as he came in. He aimed the plane's nose at Jaugersten's solid bulk and held it there until the last split second before dragging the stick back and opening the throttle.

Looking over his shoulder, he laughed as he saw Jaugersten get up from his knees and stand with his hands on his hips looking after the plane as it climbed away.

For the next five minutes Carran thoroughly enjoyed himself. He put the tiny machine through every aerobatic in the book. And each time he returned to even keel he could see Jaugersten standing motionless, still with his hands on his hips, watching him.

All right, Carran thought exuberantly, stand there as dour and dogged as you like! I don't suppose you ever saw any real flying in your life!

Carran brought the plane in finally with just the least touch of youthful guilt. And there was youthful bravado in the way he climbed out and faced Jaugersten.

Not a trace of emotion betrayed itself on Jaugersten's craggy, burnt face. He simply said evenly: "That was a waste of valuable fuel—fuel that has to come two hundred miles by boat." He stepped past Carran, their faces inches apart, and peered in at the instrument panel. "And you haven't flown the job properly. If you had you'd have been empty right in the middle of that show-off."

"I——" began Carran.

"I'm telling you just once not to do that again," Jaugersten said, and climbed ponderously into the cockpit.

Carran could only stand there, mouthing impotently, thinking: Now the infernal old fool's got to have a test flight! Safety-first and all that rubbish!

Jaugersten switched on and threw the throttle wide open at once, blowing Carran out of the way, enveloping him in a choking cloud of dust. And when Carran had angrily cleared his eyes, he found it difficult to believe them, for Jaugersten had gone straight into a series of crazy risks, even before he was airborne. The plane went bug-hopping down the strip, with alternate wing-tips scything the dust. Then she went up in an almost vertical climb.

Carran heard the tiny motor labour, and felt the inevitable stall coming at less than five hundred feet.

Jaugersten let it come. In the middle of the reverse fall he deliberately threw back the cowling and stared down at Carran. The crazy fool, Carran thought, he's going to crash!

But with supreme skill Jaugersten pulled the plane out. And then Carran had a lesson in flying. He saw inches of safety cut off every single stunt he had performed. Three times Jaugersten almost touched the roof of the tin shanty with a wheel or a wing-tip. Then, coming in to land, he stood up and toyed with the controls, making the machine look less difficult to handle than a farm tractor.

Jaugersten leaped to the ground, heavily agile. He came across to Carran, and the only change in him was the slightest darkening of his face.

"I was flying crates five per cent as airworthy as this one, in a war, before you were born," he said, as evenly as ever. Then, after a studied pause: "All right, Mr. Carran, you can check her over."

WAYNE, the syndicate's general manager, arrived early next morning by jeep. He was a big, florid man who started talking angrily round a ragged cigar before the jeep had stopped.

"Half the lower plantation's dry, and the other half's been doused from low altitude," he snapped. "How did that happen?"

Jaugersten stared at Carran. He said: "Well—how did it?"

Wayne cut in before Carran could reply. "Either you do this job the way I want it," he said, "or I'll find myself someone who will. Two or three miss-hits like that at this time of the season could cost us half the crop." He glared from one flier to the other.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wayne," Jaugersten fought

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Concluding the adventures of TV cameraman Ronnie Noble

I see history behind the camera

My beat takes me to flood disasters, peace talks, thrilling sporting events. But the greatest story of my career was to film our young Queen riding to her throne

DRIVER FARRAN, who drove my jeep in Korea, was fond of telling stories. But as they were very tall and seemed to vary with each telling, I rarely believed them. So I paid no attention to his startling news when one day he poked his head through my tent flap and announced: "I thought you would like to know that they're going to sign an armistice."

"Who?" I grunted drowsily, for I was trying to get some sleep.

"The ruddy Chinese," he said, and walked away. I dismissed the idea and turned over to sleep, little knowing that he was telling the truth and that the next three weeks would be spent frantically trying to report on the Korean peace talks.

Even today, when I read a newspaper, I take the headlines for granted. I read the story and accept its presence in the paper as being automatic. Rarely does it cross my mind to wonder if the story had been difficult or easy to get. And I suppose that when the group of United Nations reporters went to work on the Korean peace talks the readers and, in my case, television viewers, thought little about how the stories were obtained. Yet I believe it was one of the most trying and difficult assignments for any newsman in any medium to cover.

A date was fixed for the first meeting of the peace delegates in Kaesong, a North Korean town just a few miles inside the Communist lines. It was agreed by both sides that for the purpose of the talks the town and the "corridor" leading to it should be a neutral zone and would not be bombed, shelled or used by troops.

Every Man For Himself

All press correspondents applied to be present at the first meeting—and all were refused. We held committee meetings, we sent angry cables, but it was no use. General Ridgway patiently explained that until the Communist intentions regarding their own press were known, no member of the United Nations press could be present at the talks. He promised, however, that we would be represented at the earliest possible moment. But promises were not going to satisfy our editors—they wanted results. It seemed that it was going to be every cameraman for himself, fair means or foul.

The United Nations delegates prepared for the first day in Kaesong. They were to fly by helicopters. Cameramen turned up in their dozens to film their departure and, sweeping the military police to one side, completely took over the proceedings. The American photographic press in action has to be seen to be believed. They point their cameras and shout. They jostle and push. Above all, they curse vividly, and all the while their fingers are on the camera triggers. So, to the sound of our own private battle, the delegates flew off to talk peace.

Some hours later, the delegates returned and we were given our first briefing on the day's meeting. Flashbulbs exploded, typewriters clattered, radio men pushed their microphones almost into the briefing officer's mouth. It was a shambles. Soon it became clear to all the correspondents that the officer had either not been to Kaesong or had been blindfolded.

"A Lot Of Baloney"

Suddenly there was a lull, and a deep Southern American voice spoke. "Excuse me, sir," it said, quietly, "but would I be right in saying that you are giving us a lot of baloney?"

The briefing officer was silent for a while as he considered the question, then he looked the microphones straight in the face. "Sir," he said, "I guess you would," and he walked out.

We went to our beds, and lay there scheming scoops and trying to get some sleep. Next morning, as I was washing, Bob Tuckman, of Associated Press, came in. "Are you going into Kaesong today, Ronnie?" he asked. "Three cameramen are being allowed into the peace talks today, provided they dress as G.I.s. The newsreel boys have just drawn for it."

I rushed outside. The American newsreel men stood in a group. I tackled one of them immediately. "Of course your name didn't go in the hat. This is for American cameramen," he said.

At the immensity of their double-cross I saw red and grabbed him. "Are you going to redraw with my name in the hat or not?" I demanded.

"No!" he grunted.

I rushed off and rapidly concocted a cable. It was a complete fabrication and I had no intention of sending it, but this was a moment for bluff and it had to be big. I made copies and addressed them to President Truman, Mr. Trygve Lie and Mr. Attlee. It read: "Proof that war in Korea is no longer United Nations effort, but further example of American Imperialism, was given today when only American camera correspondents were allowed in to Kaesong peace talks. Sole representative of Great Britain and Europe was refused equal rights of representation on press party. Request immediate action as this matter will not remain unobserved by Communist press reporting talks from other side."

I dashed out and seized hold of poor Julie

"I was in a cold sweat as the Coronation coach came into sight. Flags, blown by the wind, were obscuring my lens. Then, as if commanded by the Queen, the wind dropped. I had a perfect shot"

"I had heard that Russia's girl athletes were like Amazons," writes Noble. "But these two, whom I filmed at the Helsinki Olympics camp, giggled in a most feminine way when I told them they were beautiful. Faced by my camera, they preened themselves as do women all over the world"

Zenier. "Read this I demanded. "If you don't have a redraw with my name in the hat, I'm sending these cables. I've already given a copy to the press agencies and they're filing stories on it right now."

The American cameramen withdrew a yard or so to consider my ultimatum. I watched them reading the cable and looking at their watches. There was not much time. One of them came back clutching my cable. "Okay, you win," he said. "We'll draw again."

A neutral correspondent made the draw, picked out the first name and read it aloud. "Ronnie Noble," he said, grinning.

As they reviled me, I changed into American uniform and climbed in the jeep ready to go. In a short while we took off for the Han bridge. All the while I felt Julie Zenier's angry eyes glaring at me. I avoided his gaze until we were safely over and driving along the neutral road.

"Hey, Ronnie," he suddenly asked, "were you going to send those cables?"

"Of course not," I replied.

"What would have happened if you did?"

"I'd have been fired," I replied sincerely.

"Well I'll be. . . . You Limeys! No wonder we have wars!"

The white road through the neutral zone was deserted after we passed through the U.N. control post. Ahead of us were the Chinese—but would they let us through? For we were actually going behind the Chinese lines on a false identity list. To give us a news break, General Ridgway had given his permission for us to go in as "army photographers," hence the American uniform. If the Communists found out, they might well have detained us, or our very presence might have caused an incident.

As our convoy came to a small hamlet of three houses, two soldiers stepped into the road and held up their hands. We came to a stop. The soldiers were well armed, I noticed. "This is Panmunjom," said our escorting officer.

I made a note of the name, little realizing that this spot, unmarked on the maps, would be the scene of the long drawn-out negotiations and the site of the eventual armistice signing. As I looked around, I wound the camera spring ready to shoot. Zenier watched me. "For Pete's sake don't take a shot now!" he whispered. "The Chinese are likely to open fire on us."

He Got Ready To Duck

At this moment a Chinese officer stepped out of a hut and walked forward to check our papers. I pointed my camera at him and pressed the trigger. This was it. Now or never. I saw him halt in his tracks, his head swung towards us. Even in the viewfinder I could see his anger. I watched for his hand to reach for his gun, and was ready to duck. He hesitated for a moment, then walked on to the front vehicle.

This we took as the sign to go ahead, and jumped off the truck to make a short story on our own party being vetted by the Communists. The vetting went through without any incident and our convoy set off again towards Kaesong. Soon we reached the outskirts of the town, and immediately saw that the Chinese were breaking their agreement of neutrality. United Nations delegates were arriving completely unarmed, yet the town, which should have had no troops at all, was thronged with North Korean soldiers, all carrying automatic arms.

Before we could get shots of this, our truck drew in to the entrance of a large house. This was the "Peace Talks House," and we had to work quickly. Behind us came the Chinese delegates, driving like the wind in their American jeeps, captured in one of our retreats. Like the French, they drove on the brakes and horn. With a noisy swish they arrived and their passengers stepped out with great dignity and entered the door at the left-hand side of the building. A few minutes later the U.N. delegates arrived. As deadpan as their opposite numbers, they, too, walked into their entrance on the right-hand side of the house. There was no fraternizing outside the conference room, nor much inside, according to the report we received later.

When the meeting started we were shepherded away from the doors by determined North Korean sentries, and I scouted round for a build-up. I walked down the drive towards the gate which, although it was the entrance to the "Peace House," was manned by the most warlike soldiers I've ever seen. There were two of them. Tall and thin. I studied them for a while. Their fingers were crooked round the

Emile Zatopek (left), winner of the 1952 Olympic marathon, which Noble filmed from the top of a bus. Britain's hope, Jim Peters (right), collapsed with cramp at the eighteenth mile, shortly after this photograph was taken

Noble films Communist delegates at assignments." His first story there

triggers of their sub-machine guns and they stared straight ahead.

They can only shoot you, I thought, and I raised the camera and made a close-up of a sentry's face. He showed no reaction, so I tilted down to film his sub-machine gun and phosphorous grenades. He blinked. He was restless and did not like my camera.

I moved to the next sentry, who looked positively sour, and adopted the same technique. All without incident. A feeling of happiness came over me, and I wanted to talk to these men. Then suddenly I realized that one of them had moved and was standing beside me. Perhaps I did him an injustice, perhaps I just put temptation out of his way, for I left smartly. It was too easy for a gun to go off accidentally!

Back at the house, Chinese cameramen were concentrating on the United Nations cameramen, while they were concentrating on the Communist cameramen concentrating on the United Nations cameramen. It was like a game of Red Indians. One of the Chinese was very keen. He tracked me for twenty minutes, taking sneak shots with his Leica. I watched this for a while, then walked towards him, stretched out a hand and removed the lens cap, which had been obscuring his lens. He showed no sign of gratitude; on the contrary, he shook a fist in my face, which made a good shot indeed, although not really in keeping with the peace talks.

Fed Baby With Raw Fish

Both sides got bored with this, and we sat in groups looking at each other, all wondering what to do next. "Let's go into the town," suggested Zenier, "it's neutral, isn't it?"

Foolishly, we took up his suggestion, and headed for the centre of Kaesong. Mostly the streets were deserted, and apart from army transport the roads were unused. We made shots of the convoys—here was photographic evidence of neutrality violation—and then went on to the market place. There, North Koreans sat with their large wicker baskets of farm produce and watched us with interest, giggling up into the camera lenses.

I made a close-up of a woman sitting with her baby, feeding him raw fish. I heard a shout behind me, and turned to see a Chinese soldier shouting at me. I lifted the camera to make a shot of him, when he jumped at me with fists flying. Another Chinese pointed his gun at my stomach.

It was a tricky situation. If I hit one of them or retaliated it might cause an incident, endangering the peace talks. On the other hand I was angry. All this went through my head as I sidestepped the pugilistic Chinese and retreated. The Chinese lined up ready to move in. It looked nasty for a moment. Then an angry voice rang out. "Look! They're fixing the Limey. Let's go!"

In a flash Julie Zenier and his American colleague were at my side and stood with fists clenched ready to do battle. Luckily, a Chinese officer arrived and called his men off. We breathed again and went on working. But by now the civilians were afraid to face the camera, and we retreated towards the peace talks.

"Churchill posed with Dr. Adenauer. His eyes twinkled. 'Don't begin until I'm ready,' he told me. 'You know I like to look my best'"

We reached our truck just in time to take our place in the convoy returning to the U.N. lines. All the way back we expected incidents; we were not really safe until we reached the American outpost. Then we saw the G.I. helmets in the distance.

"You know, Ronnie," said Zenier, putting my thoughts into words, "we've scooped them all. We've been filming history."

A few weeks later I received a letter from the Television Newsreel department in London. "We were so thrilled when we heard that you were selected to go to Kaesong to cover the first peace talks," it said. *Selected*, indeed!

In Search Of A Story

The peace talks soon bogged down, and scoops were few and far between. To the troops, the talks were a waste of time, but to the press, they were a story which had to be watched, and had to be covered. Reporters from all sorts of strange journals wanted to attend the peace talks, and when a young girl columnist from the U.S.A. arrived in Korea, she insisted on her rights and went to Kaesong in search of a story for her teenagers' column.

She was a good-looking girl, somewhat older than teenage herself, and we were pleased to see her. But what, we asked, would she find in Kaesong? She found Miss Pak—one of two North Korean girls on the Communist delegates' staff. Both were soldiers, with medals for valour. Short and stocky, they were as tough as most men I've met.

Miss Pak was the more approachable, for she spoke a few words of English. She rarely smiled, and if the conversation became in any way embarrassing she walked away, presenting her square back and slightly bowed legs to the questioner. The American girl made for Miss Pak the moment she arrived on the scene. The Communist correspondents were greatly impressed by her presence, but did not quite understand when she explained her assignment. Nor did

the Kaesong peace talks, "one of my most difficult was a scoop—but he had to go in disguise to get it

we. But the American soon found her "angle."

"Miss Pak, do you read the funnies?" she said.

"Funnies? No unnerstand."

"You know . . . comics . . . strips."

"Strips? Sorry no unnerstand."

The American girl tried another tack. "Do you have any boy friends, Miss Pak?"

"Please?"

"Do you have any boy friends? Beaus? You know, Miss Pak, boy friends!"

"Yes. I have friends," replied Miss Pak, straining hard to understand.

"You do? Gee! How many you got?" the American girl asked, making furious notes on her pad. She had found her angle.

"Do you go to the movies, Miss Pak?" she persisted.

"Please? Movies?"

"You know, cinema. Who's your favourite star? Errol Flynn? Humphrey Bogart?"

Miss Pak shook her head hopelessly. I never did read the "Teenage Story On Kaesong," but they say it was first-class.

Another interesting reporter was Charles de Sorria, an American cameraman. A thick-set and enthusiastic man, he carried a newsreel camera which recorded sound simultaneously with taking pictures. Normally, two men would operate such equipment. But de Sorria worked alone and his technique was fascinating.

Talked To His Camera

Wearing a baseball cap, sweating furiously, he arrived on the scene. In a flash, he set up his tripod, mounted the camera, ran out his microphone. Then he combed his hair, switched on the camera and sound recording apparatus, then ran round the camera and stood at the mike. On the way he went through a transformation, for now he was a cool, debonair young reporter.

"Good morning," he said to his own camera, smiling and showing a brilliant row of white teeth. "This is your reporter, Charles de Sorria, bringing you the latest news-pix from Kaesong, Korea!"

Once again he smiled, then rushed round to the camera and switched it off. Quickly he swung the turret to a close-up lens, focused it on the microphone, then switched on. Once more he ran to the mike and in close-up continued reporting.

"I'm gonna bring all the personalities of these peace talks to the camera, and give you an on-the-spot, up-to-the-minute latest report on the situation in Korea. Remember, this programme comes to you by the courtesy of So-and-so Cigarettes!"

Then the perspiring de Sorria switched off once again and looked around for interviewees.

But he was just one example of a specialist trying to find his "gimmick." As the months went by, we all had to do likewise. I filmed "Rain at the Peace Talks," "Snow at the Peace Talks," "Hat Fashions and Shoes at the Peace Talks," "The Peace Talks Break Down," "The Peace Talks Reopen," "The Anniversary of the First of the Peace Talks."

The war went on and men died as the delegates argued. Fits of depression hit everybody, days seemed like weeks, men talked of the "boat" months before they really knew their departure date. I began to wonder if there was any other way of life in the world. Then, at last, I heard that I was to be recalled home.

A few weeks later, as I touched down at London Airport, I wondered whether it would be possible to settle down again easily after a year in the Far East covering war and Communism. I need not have worried, for there were many assignments to come—and not all so peaceful, either. . . .

Helsinki was packed day and night when I went there to cover the 1952 Olympic Games. Athletes strolled the ugly, wide streets, watched by admiring sports fans from all over the world. I made shots of the trams laden with Olympic passengers; of a Scotsman in kilt and sporran walking arm-in-arm with a girl in traditional Finnish dress.

The gaiety was infectious, and in holiday mood I took a tram to the Olympic Village to see the world's athletes and how they were living. I filmed Bannister talking to the sports-writers, Canadians resting on their beds, Uruguayans changing money, Frenchmen eating ice-cream, then looked around for the Iron Curtain representatives.

"You won't find them here, old boy," said sportswriter Peter Wilson. "They're in their own camp some miles away."

Half an hour later I drove through the small forest on the outskirts of Helsinki. The taxi drew up at a barrier and a Finn inspected my press pass. He was doubtful about allowing me through and then waved us on through the sweet-smelling pine trees. Suddenly, the road opened to a wide square in front of three blocks of flats. Here were gathered a crowd of athletes, most of them wearing dark-blue track suits with white initials across their chests—C.C.C.P.

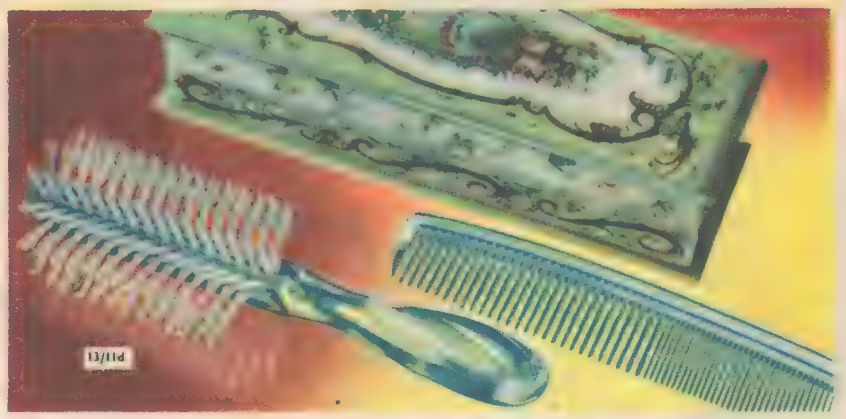
Nearby were three girl athletes. I eyed them with interest. So often I had heard reports about these Russian Amazons: "more male than female—that's why they put up such terrific performances," was the usual criticism. I went up and

Continued on page 57

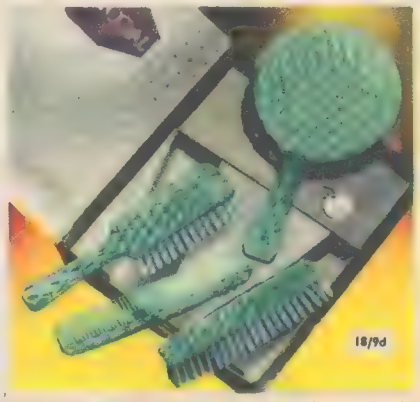
Noble's idea of happiness—a quiet weekend, with time to relax with his wife, Jinny, time to look at old photographs and tend his window-box garden—and to hope that the phone won't ring

New Addis exchange service ends gift-choosing headache

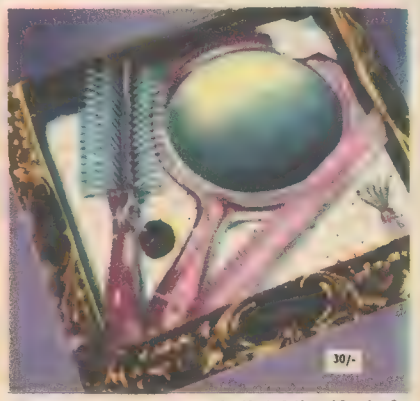
You simply cannot go wrong when you give Addis. You know the name alone is worth quite a lot. And even if you pick the wrong colour or style you need not worry. All the recipient has to do is to send it back to Hertford with cash difference, if any. Addis will gladly exchange it for any other of their products he or she may prefer.



Here's a lovely present for a girl—a deep brushing Addis Beauty Brush with comb in a presentation pack, price 13/11d. Junior model only 8/-. Matching Addis Beauty Comb, 1/10d. All in moonstone-blue, zircon-green and topaz-pink.



This beautiful new four-piece Jacobean Brush Set is a wonderful buy at 18/9d. Hairbrush, comb, mirror and clothes brush all in crystal pink, blue, or green.



This most luxurious of all Addis gifts is for Very Special People. The Addis Beauty Brush with matching mirror, comb and brush cleaner in a decorated gift pack—price 30/-.

Unusual, attractive presents. Clothes brush with shoehorn handle, 4/6d. Softly stimulating bath brush with detachable long handle, attractively packed, 12/6d. Beauty mirror, 17/6d. All in jewel-like transparent colours: blue, green and pink.

Two really sensible hairbrushes for men. Addis Clubman, with clear or amber back—price 8/6d. Addis Brainwave Brush, with slot for comb, in ebony or tortoiseshell—12/-.

She'll love to carry this around! Handbag brush and comb set, in useful plastic envelope, 6/11d. For new arrival—baby's silky-soft brush and comb, pastel colours, 4/9.

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At the music school, Guthrie takes a rehearsal. When his band was delayed on a flight to Malta, he beat the clock by rehearsing the men at airports

Watched by his wife, Muriel, Guthrie amuses his year-old daughter, Penelope, after returning from an overseas tour

Maestro Guthrie keeps music at the ready

by JOAN POWE

With his Royal Marines band he has weathered sandstorms and played in icy gales. He has even mastered a greater hazard—the lavish host who provided the men with a bar

ONE EVENING IN 1942, Donald Guthrie, in charge of a Royal Marines band, received an urgent request for a recital from British troops in the French colony of Madagascar. Guthrie selected a suitable programme and rounded up his musicians. Deciding that a local hall might lack full equipment he collected music stands from his ship and stacked them in a lorry.

After a twenty-mile drive inland from Diego Suarez, Guthrie found that his concert hall was a clearing in the jungle, without lighting or seats. The troops explained that they had asked for the concert as a joke. "We didn't think there would be an orchestra anywhere in Madagascar," they said.

Guthrie told army lorry drivers to group their vehicles in a semi-circle and to light up the band with their headlights. He collected beer barrels and ammunition boxes as seats, and propped up the music stands. "We gave them a full orchestral concert," he says. "When one of the violinists dropped out through eyestrain I took his place, craning over a music stand at an angle of forty-five degrees."

A lively, energetic serviceman of thirty-one, Staff Bandmaster Guthrie has the job of seeing that the marines band fulfils its engagements at State functions, concerts, garden parties, dances, and naval and military occasions in different parts of the world. In ships such as the cruisers Mauritius and Kenya he has travelled 180,000 miles with marines bands, giving up to fourteen concerts a week under all conditions. During one engagement, a sandstorm half-blinded the musicians and clogged the mouthpieces of the instruments; in an Icelandic gale, valves on some instruments froze and had to be thawed out before a note could be played.

Guthrie is responsible for the band, from the selection of music and organization of rehearsals to the part it takes in State occasions. Often his ingenuity has saved the band's performance during a difficult situation.

Early in February, 1953, Guthrie had brought the band to a jetty alongside the Kenya to play a Beating the Retreat ceremony for guests on board. He lined up his men in the dark and, as a piece of showmanship, had devised a background of blazing lights to be switched on at the first note of the ceremonial slow and quick marching. When he signalled for lights, there was a blinding flash and the whole system failed.

Guthrie was told that the fault could not be remedied for hours, and it was suggested that the band should Beat the Retreat at the halt by the light of a ship's searchlight.

"It would have ruined the look of the thing," he says. "I decided to attempt the marching."

As it was impossible to change the selected programme, Guthrie led the marines off in "Blaze Away," a march that is difficult to play without a score. "They could not see the

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

A TRIP TO BERLIN

by ***MOLLIE M. KAYE***

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Two people had died. . . . Each time there was blood on her clothes. Could she blame Simon for suspecting her?

MIRANDA BRAND was frightened. She was alone in the big Berlin house: her cousin, Major Robert Melville, and his wife, Stella, were out. Their little daughter, Lottie, was asleep upstairs. Yet somewhere someone was watching—Miranda could feel it. . . .

A young fashion model, Miranda had come to Germany for a holiday: a holiday that had turned into nightmare from the moment on the Berlin train when she had found Brigadier Brindley stabbed. Simon Lang, the security officer handling the case, thought the killer was among the group of army families Miranda was travelling with.

During dinner, the brigadier had told a story linked with a bombed house near the Melvilles' Berlin home. It had belonged to a Nazi agent, Willi Ridder, and the brigadier had stayed there once. Ridder and his wife had disappeared in 1940, soon after Ridder had taken a fortune in diamonds from Holland.

Neither the Ridders nor the diamonds had

Miranda felt numb with fear. For a moment she stood there, staring at the body sprawled on the path. She knew that coat. It was Stella's

ever been traced—but the bodies of their servants, Herr and Frau Schumacher, had been found in the garden, buried in quicklime. Only Frau Ridder's personal jewellery had come to light—inside a doll brought to England by a refugee child. It was a fantastic coincidence, because that child had been Miranda. She still had one of Frau Ridder's trinkets: a swastika which she wore as a bracelet charm.

Since the murder, Miranda had noticed many things that might have a sinister significance: Norah, Colonel Leslie's wife, remarking angrily that Stella had killed her first husband; Elsa, Major Marson's wife, furtively accepting a package from a shabby German. . . .

Of course, everyone's nerves were strained. The smallest things, like the attempts of Lieutenant Page's wife, Sally, to flirt with Robert, were upsetting.

Her own nerves were stretched to breaking point. If only someone else had stayed in the house tonight—Mademoiselle Beljame, Lottie's governess, or Friedel, the housemaid—she wouldn't have been so jumpy, wouldn't have had this feeling of eyes watching. . . .

Suddenly, Miranda thought she saw a flicker of movement outside the french windows! It was probably only Wally Wilkin—Sergeant Wilkin's mischievous son—playing at detectives. Quietly, Miranda opened the windows and stepped out into the dark garden.

PART THREE

The Dark Shadow

She walked down the sandy path that led past the dining-room windows and turned right-handed to skirt the lawn. The silent night was not frightening and hostile as the silent house had been, for the Leslies' drawing-room windows made friendly squares of soft, orange light, and Miranda could hear voices and laughter and the sound of dance music.

She leaned back against the rough bark of the cherry tree, and a few pale petals, dislodged by the slight movement, drifted slowly down.

After a while, the music stopped in the Leslies' house. A moment later the lights went out, leaving the house in darkness, and presently Miranda heard cars being started up and realized that the Leslies must have decided to take their party on to the club.

She shivered in the cool air and resumed her interrupted tour of the garden. If Wally *had* been here, he must have gone by now.

The sandy path was bone white in the moonlight, except where an oddly shaped shadow blotted it near a clump of lilacs by the gap in the hedge. A shadow that was not a shadow at all—but the body of a woman who lay face downwards with her feet towards the house.

For a long moment that seemed to have no beginning or end, Miranda stood staring down at the sprawling, silk-clad legs and the swathe of red velour; numb with horror, caught once more in the web of a waking nightmare. And then all at once she was on her knees beside it, tugging at it, trying to lift it, her voice a harsh scream:

"Stella! Stella! What's happened? Oh no. . . ! Oh God no. . . ! Stella. . . !"

The limp arms were outstretched, fingers clawed in the damp earth, and the body was slack and unbelievably heavy.

Miranda put her arms about it and dragged it, panting, along the path. The head lolled back against her shoulder and the moonlight bathed it in white light. It was not Stella. It was Friedel. . . .

Shuddering horror brought her to her feet; and then she was running. Running desperately across the lawn and to the shelter of the house.

She had no clear recollection afterwards of entering the house or of fastening the french window behind her, but she had done so, and reached the telephone and dialled.

The distant muffled phone rang only twice and then she heard someone lift the receiver.

"Lang here," said a quiet voice.

"*Simon!*" Miranda's voice was shaking and she could barely control it. "Simon, it's Miranda. Please come quickly! Friedel's dead, and I'm all alone—*Simon!*"

He did not waste time asking questions. "I'll be along as soon as I can. Ring Dr. Elvers—that'll save me time. You'll find his name in the book. Or get any doctor."

"It's no good!" said Miranda frantically. "She's dead——" But Simon had rung off.

She stood shivering, still clutching the receiver to her ear; and as she stood there she heard a sound. It was a very soft sound, but quite unmistakable.

Miranda stopped shivering and stood rigid; staring with widened, terrified eyes at the receiver in her hand.

She had told Simon Lang that she was alone in the house, but that was not true. There was someone else. Someone besides herself and Lottie. Someone who had listened to her conversation with Simon and had then very quietly replaced the receiver of the telephone extension in the big front room upstairs.

She dropped the receiver and backed away towards the cloakroom. There was a bolt on the inside of the cloakroom door. She could shut herself in and wait until Simon came.

And then, suddenly, she remembered Lottie. Someone was hiding upstairs in one of the darkened rooms—and Lottie was up there, asleep.

Miranda ran across the hall and raced up the staircase, heedless of what might be awaiting her in the shadows, and flung open the door of Lottie's room. She found the switch and the room was flooded with soft light.

Lottie was sound asleep, curled up with her hands folded under her chin. She did not move or wake, and Miranda pulled the key from the outside of the door with trembling fingers and locked herself in.

She leaned against the door, trying to steady herself and regain control over her breathing. Once she thought she heard a stair creak and someone moving somewhere in the house, but though she strained her ears to listen she could not be certain of the sound or its direction.

She turned away from the door and went over to the window, and as she crossed the room her eyes were caught by her reflection in the small dressing-table mirror. There were marks on the pale, honey-coloured wool of her dress. A dark stain near the shoulder.

Miranda put up an unsteady hand and touched it. So it had happened again! The pattern had repeated itself; once again there was blood on her dress and now there was blood on her hand. . . . "*Circumstantial evidence.*"

She could not let it happen again! She must change her dress . . . hide it . . . burn it. But even as the thought danced wildly in her head, a car turned into the road and its headlights licked the windows with brief, brilliant light. Then quick footsteps sounded on the path below and Miranda heard the front door open.

"Miranda!" Simon's voice echoed strangely in the silent house. "*Miranda!*"

Lottie stirred and murmured in her sleep, and once again the instinct to protect the sleeping child overcame the numbness that had held Miranda in its grip. She turned the key in the lock and went out on to the landing.

Simon was standing in the hall. He stood quite still for a moment, looking up at her; and then she saw his face change and he came up the stairs, taking them three at a time, and was standing in front of her, his hands gripping her shoulders.

He said sharply: "Are you all right?"

"Sssssh! You'll wake Lottie."

He took her arm tightly and walked her down the stairs and into the hall.

"Let's have it," he said. And then, as his

Simon turned to go, but Miranda stepped after him and caught his arm. "Please wait. You haven't answered my question"

eyes took her in, the stain on her shoulder, his lips tightened.

Miranda followed the direction of his gaze, and tried to pull away. He held her tightly for a moment, and then let her go so that she sat down abruptly on the bottom step of the stairs.

He looked down at her consideringly for a little while, and then said softly: "Where is she?"

"In the garden." Miranda jerked her head. "By the gap in the hedge near the lilac bushes."

He turned and walked quickly across the hall and into the drawing-room, and she heard him open the french window and go out. After that there was silence for what seemed a very long time.

Miranda leaned her head against the newel post and shut her eyes until Simon Lang returned.

"She's dead all right," he said. "Who is she?"

"Friedel. The housemaid."

Simon leaned down and pulled her to her feet and walked her across to the dining-room.

The lights still burned above the table. It seemed as if months of time must have passed since she had last sat here, and yet her half-eaten meal was still on the table and the hands on the clock face pointed to five minutes past nine. Friedel had said she would be back by nine. But Friedel was dead and her body lay in the cold spring moonlight.

Miranda began to shiver again and Simon pushed her down into a chair and held a glass to her mouth. She drank obediently and choked as the brandy caught her throat.

Simon sat down facing her and said: "Tell me what happened."

She told him, not very intelligibly.

There was a long silence when she had

finished. "You say she was on the edge of the lawn," said Simon. "Did you move her?"

"Yes—I forgot. I tried to lift her. I—I thought it was Stella. She was lying face downwards, you see. And—and her face was in the shadow and she was wearing Stella's coat."

"What did you do when you found out that it was not Mrs. Melville?"

"I dropped her, and ran in and telephoned you."

"Why? Why not a doctor? Or Major Melville?"

"I don't know," said Miranda wearily. "I suppose because I knew she was dead and I remembered your number."

Simon Lang looked away from her for the first time and his speculative gaze travelled over the table. "What time was it, would you say, when you went out into the garden?"

"I don't know. I didn't look."

"But you must have some idea. When did you think you heard Lottie moving?"

He took her through every movement again, and Miranda willed herself to remember.

"Then it was probably about eight o'clock—five past at the most—when you went out into the garden. But it was almost half-past eight when you telephoned me. What were you doing out there in the garden for twenty minutes, Miranda?"

"Nothing. I mean—I looked for Wally. I sat down on the seat under the tree and listened to the party in the Leslies' house and then I saw their lights go off and heard them leave by car."

Simon said: "Twenty minutes is a long time, Miranda. Are you quite sure that you've told me everything?"

"Yes," said Miranda flatly.

Simon gave a little shrug and dropped the question. "Are you quite sure that there was no one else in the house?" He saw the look on Miranda's face and said: "So there was someone! Who was it?"

IN a whisper Miranda said: "I don't know." She shivered violently and her teeth made a little chattering sound in the quiet room. "It was when I was telephoning you. You rang off, and just afterwards I heard someone put down the receiver of the extension. I tore upstairs to Lottie's room and locked myself in; and then you arrived."

"You didn't hear anyone leave the room?"

"I'm not sure. I think I did. They could have gone down the back stairs."

Simon got up and stood looking down at her for a moment, his hands in his pockets. "You'd better go and lie down for a bit. I'm going to do some telephoning, and there will be quite a few people round here soon. You'll have to answer a good many questions. Do you know where I can contact Major Melville?"

"Stella said they'd probably have supper at the club."

"Right. Now go on up to your room." He watched her as she stood up wearily and walked obediently up the stairs.

Miranda awoke late the next morning with an aching head and a dull feeling of disaster. Her eyes felt heavy from lack of sleep and her brain seemed singularly sluggish. She began to dress slowly, remembering as she did so the details of the past night.

Friedel Shultz was dead; murdered. Someone had hit her over the back of the head with one of the iron pokers from the boiler-room.

They had questioned her about it for hours; Simon Lang and a grey-haired man who had spoken to them in the waiting-room at Charlottenburg Station, and a third man whom she could not remember having seen before, but who had evidently interrogated Stella and Mademoiselle on their first morning in Berlin.

Simon Lang had failed to get in touch with either Robert or Stella. They had returned in the middle of it all, though not together; Stella arriving shortly after ten o'clock and Robert half an hour later.

She stood there, horrified, staring into the pool and seeing a ghost from the shadowy past—now suddenly, terrifyingly familiar

Mademoiselle Beljame, Lottie's governess, had returned at half-past eleven. She had been to the cinema and had walked home after coffee and biscuits at a café.

Stella had walked into the hall just as Friedel's limp body was being carried in from the garden. Simon Lang had gone out to intercept her and explain the ugly situation in as few words as possible, but Stella had not appeared to hear him. She had only stared at Friedel and said in a queer, high-pitched voice: "But she's wearing my coat! Why is she wearing my coat? Where's Miranda?"

"I'm here," said Miranda, shaking off the hand of the grey-haired man who would have detained her, and running into the hall. "She must have borrowed it and thought she could have put it back before you got home, but I thought it was you who'd been killed. . . . I saw the coat, and I thought it was you!" Miranda's voice wavered.

Stella's eyes widened, and the last vestige of colour drained out of her pale face. She put up a hand to her throat and said in a dry whisper: "You thought it was me!" And then she had fainted.

Hours later—or was it only minutes?—she had been carried up to her room, where she had been very sick, and finally the doctor had given her a sedative and she had gone to sleep. But that had not been until after Robert had arrived back.

ROBERT, it appeared, had intended to work late at the office and dine in the mess, but the colonel had rung him up shortly before seven thirty and suggested that he come over to his house for a discussion and stay to supper there. Robert had borrowed a fellow officer's car and had driven to the Lawrences' house.

Miranda went with him to Stella's room, but when it was obvious that Stella wanted to be alone with him, she had gone to bed.

She had heard Mademoiselle return, and Mademoiselle's excitable tones raised in angry expostulation. Mademoiselle became exceedingly foreign when agitated, and her speech became a mixed torrent of English, German and French.

Miranda, listening to her, gave a little shiver

of distaste. She found Mademoiselle repellent; even the smell of the caraway seeds that the governess would nibble between her strong yellow teeth could make her nerves curl in disgust.

Mademoiselle had been with Stella for three years, ever since Lottie was five. She had proved a hard worker, and willing to help with housework, mending and laundering; she never seemed to take holidays, had no near relatives, and, in a day when reliable household help was difficult to obtain, had proved to be worth at least four times her modest salary. Stella frequently said that she did not know how she would manage without her, and blessed the chance that had brought her to their door inquiring for employment.

Miranda had been living in London during those three years so she had not seen much of Stella and little or nothing of Mademoiselle until she had accepted the Melvilles' invitation to go out with them to Berlin.

But since then her first instinctive dislike of the elderly Swiss spinster, with her dyed hair, her peculiar eyes and perpetual aroma of caraway seed, had grown into aversion.

THE hall was bright with mid-morning sunlight when she came downstairs again. She could hear Stella's voice behind the closed door of the drawing-room and she hesitated. Someone crossed the landing above and came quickly down the stairs. It was Mrs. Leslie. She stopped when she saw Miranda and looked surprised.

"Hallo my dear! They told me you were asleep. I've been helping the governess to pack."

"Pack what? Is she leaving?" inquired Miranda, wishing that her head did not ache so.

"Oh no. It's only the child. She's going over to the Lawrences' for a day or two until this horrible business is cleared up. Katy Lawrence rang me up this morning and asked me to arrange it. She didn't like to ring this house in case Mrs. Melville or you were asleep, so I came over and fixed it with Robert. The governess is to sleep here and bicycle over every morning to look after Charlotte during the day."

Miranda said: "Who's Stella talking to?"

"Captain Lang—or some other man from the local equivalent of the Gestapo," said Mrs. Leslie acidly. "We've had a swarm of them all over the place this morning. They had Edward and myself answering a lot of idiotic questions before breakfast! They even wanted a list of our guests last night and in what order they had arrived. I never heard such nonsense!"

She turned away across the hall and Miranda went into the dining-room.

Someone had forgotten to turn off the central heating and the room was full of sunlight and very hot; Miranda opened the nearest window. The drawing-room windows, a yard or so to the left, were also open, and Stella's voice came clearly to her. There was a break in it, as though she had been crying.

"Oh, I know I behaved like a fool! But I *had* to know. I couldn't bear not knowing! You see, he'd known her in Egypt and I knew that she had written to him."

Simon Lang asked a question, but Miranda only caught the intonation of his quiet voice and did not hear the words.

Stella said: "It was Mrs. Marson. She was there, too—at the Lawrences'. I think all the wives were, and she said something to Sally—Mrs. Page—about her being a grass-widow for the evening because her husband was dining out at some mess in the American sector. And Mrs. Bradley leaned forward and asked Sally if she'd like to come up to their flat for supper, but she said she already had a date and Mrs. Bradley laughed and said, 'Trust you for that!' And—and—then Robert, my husband, rang up and

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Miranda returned from the bedroom feeling puzzled. "Mademoiselle's not there," she reported

2

a horse, and insisted that before buying he must know my opinion.

He was such a darling – the horse, I mean, not Charles – that I fell in love with him immediately.

Actually I think Charles did a bit of falling, too, for I received to-day a box of those too delicious Black Magic chocolates – oh such centres — and a

THE REST OF THE STORY

There are two reasons why Black Magic chocolates are worth writing home about. First, those really luscious centres. And then, however much you pay, you won't find *better* chocolates than Black Magic. This is because Rowntrees put all the value into the *chocolates*, packing them simply, but elegantly, in a smart black box.

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THE LIFE OF JESUS

PART TWO: THE MISSION BEGINS

EARLY SUMMER A.D. 28; the country round Capernaum. Jesus, who was between thirty-two and thirty-six years old, was beginning his ministry in Galilee. It was only a few months since he had been baptized by John the Baptist in the waters of the Lower Jordan. Then, for all that anybody but John knew, he was one among the crowd that collected from all over Palestine to hear the Baptist preaching. Now, Jesus was a more than locally famous preacher himself. He was a rabbi, a master of the law. And not simply a rabbi, but a healer and prophet: a man of startling power and presence.

He turned water into wine; he cured the sick of all kinds of disease; evil spirits left the bodies of the possessed at his command. That was spiritual power. But he was known, too, by his passion for social and religious reform. In Jerusalem, not long before, he had outraged religious officialdom by an act of extraordinary audacity. Jesus, an unknown man from the north, had dared to clear the temple courts of the merchants who cluttered them. He had vilified the priests, and when these had insisted on an explanation, had talked strangely of some divine authority whose sources none but he could understand.

If that had been all, Jesus would have been dismissed as just another violent Galilean come to vent his native truculence on proud, conservative Judaea. But that was not all. After challenging priesthood in its palace, Jesus had gone about baptizing after the manner of John, and performing miracles after a manner that was all his own. His success was instantaneous. Crowds pressed round him with the same enthusiasm the Baptist had inspired.

One question towered above all else: was this man the Messiah, the Christ, the long-expected redeemer who would deliver them from the heathen rule of their Roman masters, and restore the land which God, through his prophets, had promised them?

Such a question was natural. It dominated the Jewish mind at all times; lately it had assumed a greater and more anguished urgency. For three decades, since the death of Herod the Great, Palestine had been unsettled. Herod's régime, a merciless despotism, had brought misery and resentment. But Herod had been at least a naturalized Jew, and had sometimes behaved like a Jewish king. The Roman procurator who ruled Judaea was a pagan, and Herod's sons, as tetrarchs of the rest of Palestine, were no more than puppets of their pagan overlords.

Jews with the resolution to revolt had not been lacking. Desperate men of all classes and conditions struck at Roman power: some with violence, others through intrigue; all with bitter failure. There could be men, still young, listening to Jesus who had seen Jerusalem's narrow streets red with blood, Jericho gutted, and hill on Judaean hill crowned with tyranny's most ghastly emblem—the cross.

Not all these rebels had been patriots. Disorder and despair had thrown up, as always, the false prophet and the brigand: the scum that rises to the surface of a boiling pot. Yet there was hardly one of these that had not been welcomed by the masses, for no one knew how or in what disguise the deliverer would appear. Action might be spurious and cut down as it flowered; but without action the roots of hope had died.

But prophets, false or true, were triply suspect in the police state that was Palestine. They were watched by Rome, always anxious about subversion in its vassal kingdoms; they were watched by the tetrarchs who were sensitive to the smallest suggestion of a popular movement in their territories; and they were watched by the Jewish religious administration, jealous of its prerogative to direct the spiritual and social destiny of the people. The Pharisees, the Sadducees, the scribes, the priestly hierarchy that centred round and lived by the Temple at Jerusalem—these, though differing among themselves on policy and doctrine, closed their ranks at the first appearance of anything that was neither conventional nor orthodox. If the situation became serious—and it was to become serious—they did not hesitate, in defence of vested interests, to make common cause with the Herodians, that party which was working for the restoration of the monarchy.

This huge clerical coalition believed in the Messiah's advent, but the Messiah had to conform to prophetic prescription, which only it could legally interpret. No doubt the Redeemer would come; but no doubt, either, that he would first—and duly—inform the priesthood of his coming.

The Baptist, calling for repentance as he stumped about the Jordan valley, had felt the bland insistence of the coalition's spies. Priests and Levites, briefed by the Pharisees in Jerusalem, came down to interrogate him. Was he the Christ? they had asked him straight out. John told them he was not, but simply the forerunner of someone who was. The news might have disquieted the clerics, but John, to their relief, was soon put out of the way. Herod Antipas, the tetrarch of Galilee and Peraea, took alarm at his popularity and had him arrested, gagging for ever the voice that had cried in the wilderness. The Baptist's followers dispersed. For the people, the door had closed once more on a prospect of hope.

Eighty miles away, and a few weeks later, as Jesus left Capernaum to begin his mission, it re-opened on another.

He began it in the country. Jesus had left the city because

The four Gospels are the only record of how Jesus lived and died. But, for the ordinary reader, the duplication of incidents, the confusing chronology, and the references to unfamiliar places and customs often obscure the full drama and achievement of Jesus's life.

It is with the intention of bringing out, simply and directly, this great central story—a story of superlative courage as well as deep religious significance—that JOHN BULL *has prepared this new and detailed narrative. It is the product of deep research both in Palestine and from ancient and modern sources. Every word is based on the Gospels or other established records.*

TEXT BY W. E. ARMSTRONG

PAINTINGS BY K. J. PETTS

his activity there the day before—which was a Sabbath—had been almost too successful. The sermon he preached in the synagogue had been received with great enthusiasm. Vigorous, full of new ideas, it was a world away from the carefully correct formalism of the doctors of the Law. Jesus had a message of his own which came from a personal spiritual experience. His preaching had a moral force which the scribal texts completely lacked. The effect of what he said had been sensationally underlined by what he did.

There was a diversion in the synagogue.

"Let us alone," somebody suddenly shouted. "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?" It was a demoniac, a man possessed of an evil spirit which had recognized Jesus as the Holy One of God.

Jesus rebuked it sternly, and immediately the demoniac was convulsed, writhing into the crowd. But the spirit had obeyed and left the man: the rapidity and drama of the cure took the people by the throat.

LATER, as soon as the sun went down and the Sabbath was officially over, the crowds came to the house where Jesus was staying, bringing their sick and deformed to be healed. Jesus cured them all by the laying on of hands. The next morning, while it was still dark, he walked out of Capernaum.

Jesus had been living in the house of one of his first disciples, Simon, whom he was to christen Peter. Simon's brother, Andrew, was there; so also were two other members of Jesus's team: the Zebedee brothers, James and John. These four, friends and partners in a fishing enterprise on the Sea of Galilee, formed the nucleus of the band of twelve, which Jesus was to collect round him gradually. They were all four Galileans, as were almost all of those yet to be recruited. The fishermen of Galilee were an independent class of men, engaged in a hard but rewarding profession. The waters they fished were rich and there was a ready market for their catch.

Galilee, a frontier province with a considerable heathen population, had—compared to Judaea—only lately come under Jewish law. Its cosmopolitan cities held more than a sprinkling of the adventurer, the discontented, and the renegade. Such men, unstable and febrile, would have readily answered any popular call. Jesus chose, instead, to recruit his team among a class which had no axe to grind or wrongs to right. The Galileans, with their thick brogue and peasant uncouthness, might be figures of distrust and derision in effeminate Jerusalem. But this was the material Jesus needed. They were men.

The province which Jesus and his group intended to tour was not large, not more than fifty or sixty miles north and south, and hardly forty from east to west. It was hilly and densely populated; a walk up a single valley, visiting every town and village, might well have taken two days. Because of its concentration, the population soon came to know that Jesus was in the district. As in Capernaum, the people flocked to him with their sick and their lunatics. A certain class of sick had to come to him alone: the lepers.

ONE day a leper accosted him; he knelt down, imploring Jesus to heal him. He had no doubt that Jesus could. "If thou wilt," he said, "thou canst make me clean."

Jesus was shaken with pity. "I will," he said. "Be thou clean." He put out his hand and touched the man; and at his touch the disease faded from the skin. Before dismissing him, Jesus reminded him of his obligations under the Law. "See thou say nothing to any man: but go thy way, shew thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded."

But what had happened made the man almost mad with relief. Lepers, by Mosaic decree, were outcasts. They lived alone, were excluded from public places, and had to proclaim their presence by the cry of "Unclean." Many forms of non-contagious skin disease were classified as leprous by the Jews. One of these covered the body with milky scales; another studded the skin with disc-like, freckled spots. All were disgusting, distressing ailments, and the sudden disappearance of their symptoms was dramatic.

It was natural, then, that the man who had been cleansed should talk of his miraculous cure. He did so to such effect that Jesus soon found it unwise to enter the towns openly. This sudden and premature popularity was embarrassing. In spite of the good will his healing and preaching had inspired, there was danger that the too enthusiastic crowd might take Jesus for what he was not—an inspired mob leader—and so compromise him with the civil power. It were better to let the hubbub die down.

He left the towns for the villages: the people followed. He left the villages for out-of-the-way places: they poured across the valleys after him. He retreated right into the wilds: still they were on his heels. It was all he could do to find a few hours for solitary prayer.

Some days later, Jesus got back to Simon's house at Capernaum—and to his first serious brush with the forces that were already beginning to organize themselves against him. The occasion was one that had become ordinary. Jesus, in full power of healing, was teaching in the house. Among his listeners were not only the local religious leaders, but Pharisees and lawyers from Jerusalem. The Galilean prophet was now thought fit for examination by envoys of the highest ecclesiastical authority in Palestine.

As usual, the audience was more than the place could hold, and the front door was jammed with people. But there was one group which was determined to see Jesus at any price—four men carrying a litter on which a paralytic was lying. They climbed to the roof, uncovered the rafters, and broke a hole through the ceiling of the room in which Jesus was talking. Then they manhandled the litter down to the floor. Jesus was impressed by such faith.

"Son," he said, addressing the sick man, "thy sins be forgiven thee."

To the priests and the scribes the phrase was blasphemous. For them the Law was formal; and the Law laid down that no one but God could forgive a man his sins. Jesus read their minds clearly and attacked at once. He asked them which was easier: to tell the man his sins were forgiven, or to tell him to get up and walk. He, Jesus, as the Son of Man, had authority to forgive sins. To prove it, he turned to the man on the litter.

"Arise," he ordered, "and take up thy bed, and go thy way unto thine house."

At once the man got up, lifted the litter and walked through them out of the room.

It was an amazing demonstration, even to a people used to the idea of exorcism and supernatural intervention. Faith healing was credible to the Jews, as were miracles and heavenly signs. Any recovery from serious illness was regarded by the priests and rabbis as miraculous. But such healing was brought about by elaborate incantations and earnest, complicated prayer. All

Palestine and its border provinces in the time of Jesus. It was a vassal state of the Roman Empire, a bastion of its eastern frontier

Jesus needed was a touch, or a brief word. Power of this kind was impressive and new. The people might acclaim it, but to the strictly orthodox—the priests and scribes—the technique of Jesus was too natural to be good.

It was not long before he was to rile them again.

Shortly after the incident of the paralytic, Jesus added a fifth disciple to his band. This was Matthew Levi, the son of Alphaeus; he was a publican. Jesus saw him sitting in his office at Capernaum and summoned him with the same dynamic simplicity he had used when recruiting his fishermen on the shore of the lake. They, at his word, had left their boats and joined him; without question, without delay. Now Matthew did the same.

A revenue official is never popular in any community, but the *publicani* of Palestine were objects of a peculiar detestation. Whether employed by the Romans or the tetrarchs, a publican was considered to be dishonest in himself and a traitor to the national and religious cause. To have a tax collector as a friend and ally was a scandal: something that should be kept to oneself, Jesus advertised the fact. He accepted an invitation to Matthew's house and had a meal with him and his friends, among whom were other publicans.

There were also—as always round Jesus—a certain number of outcasts, men who were unacceptable to the more rigid Jews on social or religious grounds, men who were "sinners." The offence was too flagrant to escape the notice of the clerics; they took Jesus's disciples to task about it.

"How is it," they asked indignantly, "that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners?"

JESUS was told of their objection. He answered it through an allegory. "They that are whole have no need of a physician," he told them, "but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

The Pharisees returned to the attack, and this time they were supported by elements from an unexpected quarter: the disciples of John the Baptist.

"Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not?" they asked Jesus.

Jesus again answered them indirectly, giving a hint of the things that were to happen. "Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the bridegroom is still with them? As long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast. But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days."

He went on, in the same allegorical style, to warn them how hard it was for an old-established and bigoted religious order to accept his new and unconventional teaching.

"And no man putteth new wine into old bottles," he said, "else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred: but new wine is put into new bottles."

The pundits were still unsatisfied; the surveillance of Jesus grew stricter. His next clash with them was on a trivial point. It came from an almost automatic gesture, something which nearly every man, Jew or otherwise, had done at some time during his life.

It was a Sabbath; Jesus, with his disciples, was walking through the cornfields. Harvest in Galilee—the province was celebrated for its wheat and barley—came at its latest in early June; the ears were full of ripened grain. The disciples plucked some of these as they went along—and at once became technically under sentence of death.

They were breaking the law relating to the Sabbath. Or, rather, they were breaking one of its interpretations. These interpretations, of which there were hundreds, had been drawn up by the scribes and were known as the "Traditions of the Elders."

SOME were absurd to the point of puerility. A man broke the Sabbath if he went to the synagogue with a ribbon fastened to his coat. The ribbon had to be sewn. If it were simply fastened, the man was guilty of carrying a burden, and carrying burdens on the Sabbath was forbidden. It is difficult to imagine how a really pious Jew survived the Sabbath at all. He could not walk on grass; the stalks would be disturbed, and that was a minor kind of threshing. Wet ground was as dangerous as grass. His sandal might make an imprint. An imprint, with a little legal good will, was a small furrow. And to make a furrow was to plough. To plough was to work. The penalty for working on the Sabbath—if the scribal absurdities were pushed to their conclusion—was death by stoning.

In plucking a few ears of wheat the disciples were guilty of reaping. If they rubbed them between their palms to extract the grain, they were threshing. The offence was obvious, odious to God. The Pharisees pounced.

"Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that

The sudden popularity was dangerous. Fearing he might be taken for a mob leader, Jesus retreated into the wilds: still the crowds were at his heels

which is not lawful?" But Jesus, when he wished, was as good a schoolman as any Pharisee. He returned their money in their own currency, quoting an incident from the sacred books.

"Have ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungered, he, and they that were with him? How he went into the house of God in the days of Abiathar the high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which is not lawful to eat but for the priests, and gave also to them that were with him?"

Then, in a phrase, he cut through the mass of pettifogging scribal regulations. "The Sabbath was made for man," he insisted dryly, "and not man for the Sabbath."

The reply was crushing, but when the Pharisees pressed him Jesus could be more trenchant still. An occasion came soon afterwards. The place was the synagogue at Capernaum. The day was a Sabbath. The cause, a case of healing.

This time it was neither a leper nor a demoniac, but a man with a withered hand. Jesus saw him and saw, too, that his opponents were watching the scene. The scribes and Pharisees, private and official investigators, were again there in force. Jesus summed the situation up and decided to broach the matter brutally. He ordered the man to step out. "Stand forth." Then he turned to the waiting Pharisees. "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath days, or to do evil? To save life, or to kill?"

The Pharisees were silent. Their cynical piety stuck in Jesus's throat; for a time he stared them out angrily. Then he turned to the sick man. "Stretch forth thy hand." The man obeyed, and before their eyes his withered hand became as sound as the other. The Pharisees had seen enough. They left the synagogue and immediately got in touch with the Herodians with a view to working out a plan for the arrest of Jesus. The shabby intrigue which was to end on Golgotha had begun.

Jesus now, at this early stage of his ministry, was threatened by two dangers which were to develop parallel to each other. One came from his enemies; the other from his friends.

THE religious formalists and reactionaries wished to silence him because he was for them a blasphemer and an upstart, whose power was not divine but diabolic. His free, individual loyalty to the spirit of the Law shocked their supreme adherence to its letter. Worse; the universal nature of Jesus's message, his acceptance of—and his apparent preference for—the sinner, the pagan and the outcast, was an affront to the fundamental pharisaic idea that salvation was reserved only for the educated few.

There was another and less honourable reason for their emnity. Jesus's contagious popularity could be the cause of a country-wide conflagration. Relations with Rome were strained. There were signs that Tiberius Caesar's patience with his restive vassals in Palestine was being undermined. Serious trouble might lead to strong reprisals which could threaten the existence of the Jewish religious state.

The second danger Jesus faced was that of being swept against his will into the position of a revolutionary leader. To the people he was quickly becoming a hero: the very type of the fighting Messiah who, sword in hand, would simultaneously break the Roman rule and usher in God's kingdom. Such a rôle was the last thing he desired.

To avoid further collision with the Pharisees and to escape the embarrassing clamour of the people, he moved once more out of Capernaum to the open country.

But the crowd, denser than ever, soon found and surrounded him. As with John the Baptist, it was composed of pilgrims from all over the country. News of Jesus and of what he was doing had spread to Idumaea in the south, to Tyre and Sidon in the north, and eastwards to the Greekish towns of the Decapolis. He was so harried that, at times, he was forced to ask his disciples to procure him a boat. From this, when it was rowed out some distance from the shore, he preached to the people massed on the beach.

He nailed his lessons home in parables, in the terse language and simple, familiar imagery they could understand. The parable of the sower, of the mustard seed, of the leaven in the bread. But if the down-to-earth language in which the stories were told was clear, the lesson was not always apparent to everyone. The gospel, the good news Jesus brought, was only for those whose hearts were ready to receive it.

After one of his sermons, the disciples asked him why he used parables. Jesus explained, telling them that they, as his chosen team, were privileged.

"Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance: but

whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath. But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

How privileged some of the disciples were was to come out soon after. Jesus had left the lake and climbed into the hills. After a whole night spent in prayer, he called his men round him. The strain of preaching and healing was beginning to tell. Jesus, who was sometimes so busy that he had no time to eat, felt the need of help and co-operation. He organized a preliminary team of twelve, to whose members he gave the power to heal, and exorcize the possessed, and spread his teaching. Five of the apostles were already chosen: Simon and his brother, Andrew; James and John, the sons of Zebedee—all of whom Jesus had called from their fishing on the Sea of Galilee—and the ex-publican from Capernaum, Matthew Levi.

To these Jesus added seven more. They were Simon the Zealot; Philip from Bethsaida, the town at the north end of the lake; James the Little, the son of Alphaeus and probably the brother of Matthew Levi; Bartholomew from Cana in Galilee, where Jesus turned the water into wine; Thomas, the sceptic of the band; Thaddaeus, about whom nothing is known; and Judas Iscariot, a native of Kerioth. Kerioth is in Judaea, thirty miles south of Jerusalem. Judas was the only one of the Twelve who was not a Galilean or a man from the north.

His team chosen, Jesus confronted the crowds again. They were enormous, as always at this period of the tour. With his apostles, Jesus led the way to an elevation in the hills and began to preach; it was the longest sustained sermon he had yet given. He began with a series of short aphorisms, drum-like in the sonorous, repetitive Aramaic.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

He asked his listeners not to let the good in them stagnate, but to let it assert itself and come out. "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

He reassured them that he had not come to destroy the Law or the ordinances of the prophets, but to bring out their true moral implications. But he put the crowd on its guard against the pedantic literal piety of the Pharisees. "For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven."

THEN Jesus came to the crux of the matter. He took text after text of the Law and shook them free of the dust of outdated usage and scribal elaboration. Then he embellished them with his own precepts of humanitarian tolerance and charity. He attacked the old vindictive *Lex Talionis*, the law of retaliation by which men could avenge injuries done them.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said," he cried, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

On occasions he not only modified the Law, but repudiated it. Certain oaths were permitted to the Jews. But, "Swear not at all," Jesus ordered, "neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem: for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be Yea, yea; Nay, nay."

He appealed for quietism and sincerity in worship. "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

HE returned again and again to the shallow morality of observing the merely textual Law. "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

The history of the Jews—a race that had to fight for its existence in a savage age—is frequently informed by an inhuman and sanguinary spirit. The idea of a wrathful and avenging God annihilating the enemies of His chosen people was familiar to the crowds listening to Jesus. Hate, according to the Law and prophets, was not only permissible, but sometimes obligatory.

Jesus put the emphasis on a new forgiveness, new forbearance—love. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

He, who had been offered and refused the kingdoms of the world, reminded them of the precarious nature and intrinsic paltriness of material things. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

As Jesus concluded this long, closely argued sermon he warned them that his way was not easy to follow; that it needed effort and sacrifice, suffering. "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide

Turning angrily from the Pharisees, Jesus said to the man standing before him: "Stretch forth thy hand"

The litter on which the paralytic lay was lowered through the roof. "Arise," said Jesus, "take up thy bed, and go thy way"

is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

When Jesus stopped speaking there was astonishment in the crowd. The doctrine the young rabbi expounded was refreshingly new and he taught it with striking personal authority in language which hit hard, without a superfluous word. They were accustomed to the mutter of the scribes, mere mouthpieces for what was usually an indigestible and complicated set of rules, mainly of a negative nature. Jesus spoke with conviction, as if he knew by experience what he was talking about.

After this sermon on the mountain, Jesus and his men returned to the house he lived in at Capernaum. The place, once more, was besieged by people who wanted to hear and see him; or had come themselves, or brought others, to be healed.

But not everyone in Galilee was on his side. By this time the news of the stir he was causing had reached his home town of Nazareth. The relatives of Jesus had been told of the way he spoke, of his eccentric manner, and of how he was openly defying the established religious order. To his mother and his brothers such extravagant behaviour could only mean one thing: Jesus had gone out of his mind. They set out to join him, determined to have him taken into custody as a madman.

Meanwhile, Jesus was dealing with a more ominous threat. By this time everything he said or did was being noted and watched by the doctors of the Law. And these were not all local men, but official observers from headquarters—Jerusalem. Either the Pharisees—those who had condemned Jesus for healing the man with a withered hand on the sabbath a short time before—had moved very fast, or the Judaean scribes had come up to report on Jesus on their own initiative.

As they saw him healing disease and curing demoniacs they pronounced a new verdict on him. Jesus, they decided, was a demoniac himself, and a far from ordinary one at that. The Devil himself had taken him for his own.

"He hath Beelzebub," they decided, "and by the prince of devils casteth he out devils."

Jesus knew what they were thinking, and faced them at once. He rebutted them with an unanswerable question.

"How can Satan cast out Satan?" he asked. "And if a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand. And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand. And if Satan rise up against himself, and be divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end." Then, conscious of his own divinity, he gave the Pharisees a serious warning. "All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation: because they said: He hath an unclean spirit."

Jesus had scarcely done with this encounter when he faced another of a different kind. His mother and brothers had arrived from Nazareth and were with the crowd outside the house. They asked to see Jesus, and someone told him of their errand. "Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee."

But Jesus brought the man up short. "Who is my mother?" he asked him. "And who are my brethren?" Then he said, pointing to his disciples who were sitting with him: "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

His activity was now extended to the country south and west of the lake. In due course he reached the city of Nain, five miles from Nazareth, set in the low hills which overlook the plain of Esdraelon. It was here that he performed one of his most dramatic miracles.

As Jesus arrived at the city gates he crossed a funeral procession going to the burial ground. The body on the bier was that of a young man, the only son of a widow. Jesus saw this woman mourning, and took pity on her. He approached her, telling her not to weep. The men carrying the bier stopped; Jesus went up and touched it.

"Young man," he commanded, "I say unto thee, arise." To the amazement of all, the man sat up and began to talk, while Jesus restored him to his mother. The sight terrified the people; they could not doubt that what they had seen was a sign of the hand of God.

The details of this incident were carried round the country, and were soon known in Judaea and the south. Some who talked of it were disciples of John the Baptist, and John himself got to hear of what Jesus had done at Nain. The news was startling. This was something that went far beyond faith healing and exorcism. The people of Nain had declared that a great prophet had made his appearance, and on the evidence the Baptist could only be of their opinion. But the story troubled him, for he wished to make sure that the man he had baptized a year before in the Jordan was in fact the Messiah. Although he was still imprisoned in the fortress at Macherus, John was allowed

access to his followers. He called two of these and sent them to Jesus with a message and a question.

It happened that when these men reached him, Jesus was in a state of grace. He was casting out evil spirits, curing every sort of disease and restoring sight to the blind. It was one of his periods of full healing power.

"John Baptist hath sent us unto thee," they told him, "saying: Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" For answer, Jesus gave an account of what he was doing.

"Go your way," he said, "and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the gospel is preached."

JESUS'S ministry had now lasted almost a year, most of which time had been spent to the north and the western side of the Sea of Galilee. It had been intensive. Jesus had generally been ahead of his men, going on so fast, on occasions, that the disciples had found it difficult to keep up the pace.

They had lived hard. As was the custom in the east, travellers were given hospitality in the house or camp at which they cared to stop. But in Galilee, where contact with the pagan was inevitable, the travelling Jew carried his own food and provisions in a small wicker basket slung over his shoulder. The Galilean peasant lived frugally: on bread, cheese and milk, vegetables and fruit, fish. Water was the customary drink, which could be varied with a sort of beer brewed from grain and flavoured with fruit juices.

Jesus now decided to cross the lake. The place he chose to visit was Gergesa. It was a town on the eastern shore, situated at the only place where the steep hills that ringed the coast came right down to the water, and was not far from Hippos and Gadara, two of the Greek cities which formed the confederacy of the Decapolis. This was pagan country, but from Jesus's point of view it had the advantage of being under the jurisdiction of Herod Philip, who had far less cause to have Jesus watched than his brother, Antipas.

After dismissing the crowds to which he had been preaching, Jesus set off in the evening. His disciples were with him and his craft was followed by other boats. When the small flotilla was some way out a storm blew up, one of those short, violent storms for which the lake was notorious. The waves were high and the boat began to ship water alarmingly. Jesus, unaware of the pitch and panic, was asleep in the ship's stern with his head on a pillow. When the craft was in danger of foundering, the disciples woke him up, amazed at his apparent indifference.

"Master, carest thou not that we perish?"

Jesus commanded the situation instantly. With no more than a "Peace, be still," he controlled the wind and water: the lake was suddenly calm. Then he turned to the disciples. "Why are ye so fearful?" he demanded. "How is it that ye have no faith?"

They were overawed, and asked each other what sort of man this was, to whom even the elements were subject.

THEY reached the shore and Jesus had scarcely left the boat when a naked man came running to meet him, shouting as he ran. He was a wild figure, more of an animal than a human being—a demoniac. He was uncontrollable. People had tied him with chains and clamped him in fetters, but he invariably broke loose of these to return to the rock tombs and mountains in which he lived, crying out and cutting himself with stones.

As always with maniacs, Jesus's personality excited him; he threw himself down, worshipping. Jesus grappled with the spirits, ordering them to leave the mutilated body. But, like the demoniac in the Capernaum synagogue, they had instantly known Jesus's true nature. "What have I to do with thee, Jesus," they shrieked, "thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God that thou torment me not."

"What is thy name?" Jesus asked the man.

"My name is Legion," he answered, "for we are many."

The spirits implored Jesus once more not to send them out of the country, but to let them take possession of the swine which were feeding on the mountains behind. Jesus gave them leave. The spirits entered the swine, and the whole herd, some two thousand, went suddenly mad. They stampeded down the mountain, poured over the cliffs and plunged into the lake, where they drowned.

The terrified swineherds ran back to Gergesa to report the extraordinary thing they had seen. It was scarcely believable; a crowd of people from the city hurried to the spot. They found Jesus, and with Jesus the man. He was no longer naked, but clothed; not mad, but quite normal. The Gergeserines, taking Jesus for a dangerous magician and angry at the loss of their swine, petitioned him to leave their coast at once.

Jesus prepared to do so, and was already in the boat when he was momentarily delayed. It was again the man, asking Jesus if he might stay with him. Jesus refused. "Go home to thy friends," he told him, "and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

The man did as Jesus ordered, and went round the Ten Cities talking of his cure. The people who heard of it were impressed, but the fact that the Gergeserines had reacted unfavourably to his presence marked a stage in Jesus's progress. It was his first popular reverse.

Gergesa, near the Decapolis, was heathen country, redolent of Greek origin and influence. The cities had amphitheatres and colonnaded streets; there were temples everywhere to pagan gods: Pallas and Zeus, Dionysius, Heracles. Customs were Greek, as were the laws. The swine, unclean to the Jew, which Jesus had sent bolting to the sea, were symptomatic of an alien world. That the population of such a region was eager to see the last of Jesus was not surprising. But his next set-back was more serious.

The usual gathering was waiting for him when he returned to Capernaum. A man detached himself from the crowd and threw himself at Jesus's feet. He was called Jairus, and was a leader of the synagogue. His small daughter, he told Jesus, was dying; he asked him to come to her personally. The man's faith was strong.

"I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her; that she may be healed." Jesus agreed to go with him and started off for his house, hemmed in by the crowd which now followed him wherever he went. One among it was a woman who had suffered from a haemorrhage for twelve years. It was incurable, and the doctors on whom she had spent all her money had made it worse rather than better. Like Jairus, she had faith; she believed that merely to touch Jesus's clothes would be enough. This she did, and the blood was stanched at once.

As she touched his garment, Jesus felt some of his power leave him. He stopped immediately. "Who touched my clothes?" he demanded. His disciples reminded him of the press that jostled him. "Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou: Who touched me?"

But Jesus knew better. Someone had been healed; he looked round to see who it might be. Only one other person knew. Trembling, unnerved, she knelt to Jesus and admitted what she had done. He reassured her.

"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

AS Jesus spoke some men pushed their way through and accosted Jairus. They had come from his house, they told him. There was no need to trouble Jesus further: his daughter was dead. Jesus heard the news and turned to the father. "Be not afraid," he said. "Only believe."

Allowing no one to come with him but Simon Peter and the brothers James and John, Jesus arrived at the house. On going in he was confronted with the impressive apparatus of Jewish grief: the mourning flutes and wailing women, the men groaning and beating their breasts. "Why make ye this ado, and weep?" he called to them. "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth." His confidence was met with laughter and scorn.

Jesus persisted. He dismissed everyone but the parents of the girl, and his three disciples; with these five he entered the room where the girl was lying. He took the child's hand and said in Aramaic, employing a pet name used for children: "*Talitha cumi*. Damsel, I say unto thee, arise."

The child, who was twelve years old, got up at once and began to walk. Those who saw it were stupefied, but Jesus insisted that they should keep the matter to themselves. His last thought for the girl was a practical one: he told them to give her something to eat. Then he left the place.

The incredulity and derision of the mourners in the house of Jairus was significant. It was the first sign of doubt that had not come from the scribes and Pharisees. And this although Jesus was well known in Capernaum, in and near which he had been conducting his ministry for a year. The next incident which showed that the wind was turning took place in a town where he was even better known—Nazareth.

Jesus had gone there with his disciples and, according to his custom, went to the synagogue on a Sabbath. When the time came he stood up to read one of the scriptural texts; it was a passage from the book of the prophet Isaiah.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," Jesus read, "because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

The ancient words expressed exactly what Jesus was and what he was authorized to do; the passage might have been a manifesto of his ministry. But to the Nazarenes it sounded like blasphemous pretension. They challenged his authority.

"From whence hath this man these things?" they asked themselves. "And what wisdom is this which

To the frightened apostles, the figure of Jesus

is given unto him, that even such mighty works are wrought by his hands?" The proof that Jesus was a very ordinary man was before their eyes. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? And are not his sisters here with us?"

Jesus faced their questioning. "A prophet is not without honour," he reminded them, quoting a Jewish proverb, "but in his own country and among his own kin, and in his own house." But their doubt had taken him by surprise. The atmosphere was so unpropitious that he was unable to perform any powerful miracles in Nazareth. He healed a few cases of sickness by the laying on of hands. Then he left his town for the surrounding country, teaching in the villages as before.

On this local tour Jesus was accompanied not only by his disciples but by a small band of devoted women, all of whom he had healed or exorcized. There were Mary of Magdala, who had been a demoniac; a woman called Joanna, the wife of Chuza, a man employed in the household of Herod Antipas; Suzanna, and certain others. It was they who looked after the wants of Jesus and the Twelve as they went about Galilee. But before setting out on this mission, Jesus, in an incident which caused some stir and scandal, was to make another—and curious—woman convert.

A Pharisee of Capernaum, Simon, had asked him to a meal in his house. For some reason he denied Jesus the usual courtesies due to a guest: the embrace of welcome, the washing of the guest's feet, the anointing of the head with oil. These things were done for him by a stranger, a woman of the streets. This woman, hearing where Jesus was, had come to find him. She stood behind him with an alabaster box of ointment in her hand. She was crying.

With these tears she washed Jesus's feet and

coming through the waves was a spirit. "Be of good cheer," he called. "It is I; be not afraid"

wiped them dry with her hair. Then she anointed his feet with her ointment.

The Pharisee, to whom a prostitute was untouchable, felt outraged. If Jesus were what he professed to be he would have known what she was. If he had known that, he would not have let her come near him. That he had let her do so proved him no prophet. The pharisaic equation was neat and conclusive: Jesus was an imposter.

Jesus knew what was going on in his host's mind. "Simon," he said, "I have somewhat to say unto thee."

"Master, say on," Simon answered.

Jesus put an allegory to him. A man had two debtors; one owed him five hundred pence, the other fifty. Neither could pay, and the creditor finally cancelled both debts. "Tell me, therefore," Jesus asked the Pharisee, "which of them will love him most?"

SIMON said he supposed that it would be the man who had owed him most. Jesus told him he was right; then he turned to the woman. "Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." He addressed the woman: "Thy sins are forgiven."

The guests round Simon's table were unmoved by this magnanimity. They asked the question which other witnesses, months before, had put themselves when the paralytic was let down through the roof of Simon Peter's house: "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?"

Jesus dismissed the woman with a final assurance. "Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace."

The hostility of the Pharisees had shown itself from the beginning of the ministry. Jesus had foreseen and accepted it, countering or defying it in his own way. What was new were the signs of opposition, or at least of scepticism, from some popular quarters. There had been the refusal of the Gergesenes; the scornful incredulity in the house of Jairus and, most disquieting of all, the rejection by his own townsmen at Nazareth.

Yet, on the whole, the crowds were still coming to him, the general response to his teaching and personality continued to be favourable. Jesus now decided to extend the ministry by sending out the Twelve to preach and heal in his name. They were to be apostles. The word is Greek and means envoy, in the sense of missionary. Before he dispatched them, Jesus imbued them with his power to cure and exorcize. For the moment their activities were to be confined to the Jews.

"Go not into the way of the Gentiles," he told them, "and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not: but go rather to the lost sheep of Israel." They were to travel light and quickly. "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves, nor scrip, neither bread, neither money, neither have two coats apiece. And whatsoever house ye enter into, there abide and thence depart." There was to be no persuasion. "And whosoever will not receive you, shake off the very dust from your feet for a testimony against them."

The apostles set out, and Jesus went on with his work in the lake district alone.

Meanwhile, at Macherus in the south, the alarm had been sounded. News of Jesus and the enthusiasm he was arousing reached Herod Antipas, the tetrarch of Galilee and Peraea. The report was dramatic. The tetrarch had his troubles. His army had just been destroyed in a disastrous war he had undertaken against his father-in-law, Aretas, the king of Arabia; and Herod himself was morally upset by a crime he had committed against his better judgment—the murder of John the Baptist.

Although John had been his prisoner, Herod had treated him with respect and even awe. The tetrarch, after all, was a Jew, with all the Jew's ingrained veneration for a just and powerful prophet. It was true that John had denounced Herod's illegal marriage with Herodias, the mother of Salome. But the essential reason for his arrest was the threat he represented for Herod as a potential revolutionary. He imprisoned the Baptist for what he thought was his country's cause; he killed him for a woman's smile. Now the wound was festering.

To a harassed, weak and superstitious man, John's power might seem to have reappeared in Jesus. "John have I beheaded," Herod said in perplexity, "but who is this, of whom I hear such things?" He gave the order that Jesus should be brought to him.

The disciples of John, who had been allowed into Macherus to remove his body, informed Jesus of the tetrarch's disquieting curiosity. The danger was real, and Jesus decided to lie low for a time. A temporary suspension of the Galilean ministry, which was then approaching its end, was desirable for other reasons. It was now the spring of 29; Jesus and his men had been working without remission for over a year.

As soon, then, as the apostles—couple by couple—rejoined him after their short but successful tour, he embarked and set sail for some deserted place, where they could rest. The district they made for was near the town of Bethsaida, at the north-east corner of the Sea of Galilee.

IT was ideal country for a *maquis*. The Upper Jordan, dashing through its great rift, reached the lake here in a wild basin of swamp and jungles of reed. The place had another advantage: being east of the river it was in the territory of Herod Philip, much safer ground for Jesus than Antipas's Galilee.

But to search for rest and refuge was one thing; to find them was another. The people were on the alert. Jesus had been seen on the lake. The crowds, streaming over the Jordan fords, kept pace with the boat and were there to welcome him when he came ashore. To send them away was unthinkable: Jesus spent the rest of the day teaching and healing.

When it began to get late the vast audience was still there, and was causing some anxiety to the apostles. They came to Jesus and asked him to dismiss the crowd. The people, they told him, had to find somewhere to spend the night; moreover, they needed food. Jesus astonished the apostles by telling them to feed the crowd themselves.

"Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread," one asked incredulously, "and give them to eat?" Jesus brushed the sarcasm aside. He asked them what food there was; the tally was five barley loaves and two fish. He then told his men to organize the crowds into batches of fifty and a hundred and make these sit down on the grass.

When this was done he took the loaves and the fish and blessed them. Then he broke up the bread and divided the fish, giving a portion to each disciple to distribute to a section of the waiting men. From this derisory store Jesus produced enough to give every man as much as he needed. When the meal was over there were sufficient fragments over to fill twelve travelling baskets.

About five thousand had been fed.

PERHAPS there were people there who had seen Jesus perform individual miracles; but this prodigious demonstration of power was overwhelming. In an upsurge of gratitude and emotion Jesus suddenly became the Messiah of the popular imagination, the incarnation of the warrior king who would harry the alien overlords from Jewish soil. The crowd, weltering round him, tried to acclaim him as such—"This is of truth that prophet that should come into the world"—and attempted to set him at its head by force. In a moment, the will and work of months were threatened.

Jesus, as usual, showed himself master of events. The disciples were embarked with orders to sail up to Bethsaida, while Jesus remained alone to calm and send away the crowd. When, finally, the last man had disappeared, he climbed a hill to pray. Darkness was coming on; the day had been long and dangerous.

Its exigencies were not over yet. During the evening the disciples were in difficulty on the lake. A head wind had sprung up and their boat, in spite of hard rowing, was held up about five miles from the shore. Jesus saw their plight, went down to the lake and walked across its surface towards them.

To the apostles in the boat his figure coming through the waves was a spirit; fear supervened over the deep conviction which the miraculous feeding had inspired. Jesus caught the current of their

Autumn was near, and the men plotting his death were gathering in Jerusalem. It was time to go

terror. "Be of good cheer," he called as he approached, "it is I; be not afraid." He reached the boat and, once more, as on the journey to the Gadarine coast, the wind went down.

The next morning, whether by intention or because the wind had driven them to the western shore, they landed on the grassy plain of Gennesaret, not far from Capernaum.

For a short, strenuous period the spell of Jesus was as potent as ever. Once more the stretcher bearers intercepted him; the maimed and suffering came to be touched; in the villages the sick were laid out in the sun at his approach. It was the climax of his popularity and success in Galilee; everyone who came or was brought to him was healed. But the wave had reached high water and was rapidly receding.

The opponents of Jesus were of different kinds. Some were deliberately malignant; others were destructive by default. At Capernaum, only a few miles from Herod's city of Tiberias, he was again in Antipas's jurisdiction, spied on and liable to arrest. The scribes and clerics from Jerusalem were redoubling their efforts to compromise him. The only faction, so far, which had entirely ignored his ministry was the Roman. It is doubtful if Pontius Pilate, serving his third year as procurator of Judaea, had ever yet heard his name. Jesus was a Jewish affair. Finally, Jesus's refusal to set himself up as a popular leader, despite his enormous prestige as healer and rabbi, was leading to dissatisfaction among the masses whose hero he had lately been.

The very lake towns in which he had performed some of his greatest miracles were showing scepticism and revulsion, a wilful refusal to follow his teaching. Jesus rebuked them bitterly.

"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes." The virus of ingratitude spread to the city in which Jesus had lived and worked. "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

DEFECTION could be more personal and wounding. After a sermon on himself as the bread of life preached in Capernaum, some of his more orthodox or nervous followers refused to be seen with him. Under this blow, Jesus turned to the apostles. "Will you," he asked them, "also go away?"

Peter replied for them all, expressing their unshakable loyalty. "Lord," he replied, "to whom shall we go?"

But a sense of failure was in the air. Feeling the rising tension, Jesus made up his mind to leave Galilee, to get clear away both from the attentions of the Herodian police and the now undisguised antagonism of the official religious leaders.

This time, refuge was far away. Jesus and his apostles went north-westwards into Syria, over the mountains of northern Galilee down to the plain of Phoenicia, the heathen but neutral country of Tyre and Sidon—a journey of about fifty miles. Somewhere in this district, among the pagan sanctuaries and temples, Jesus found a house in which he could hide and rest.

His main anxiety was to remain anonymous. In this he was successful, except on one occasion. A Gentile woman, Syro-Phoenician but Greek by birth, somehow got wind of his presence and came to petition him. Her daughter was possessed of a devil. Jesus at first refused to give her a hearing. But the woman persisted, pestering the disciples to such an extent that they came to Jesus and asked him to send her away. Jesus pointed out that she was a pagan, and that his ministry was, in the first place, for the Jews. "I am not sent," he repeated, "but unto the lost sheep of Israel."

The woman fell at his feet. "Lord," she said, "help me." Jesus was unmoved.

"It is not meet to take the children's bread," he told her, "and to cast it to the dogs."

"Truth, Lord," she said quickly, "yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the masters' table."

The reply was witty and apt. "O woman," Jesus told her, relenting, "great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." From that moment the evil spirit left her daughter.

At some indefinite time after this Jesus and his men left Phoenicia and turned south towards Galilee again. They went down to the Decapolis on the east side of the lake, thus keeping out of the territory of Antipas. The journey was less of a healing ministry than a furtive wandering; Jesus and his companions had gone underground.

Something was soon to make their presence known. It was the problem of a deaf mute whom his friends brought to Jesus to be healed. Jesus took the man aside, thrust his fingers into his ears, spat and touched his tongue.

"*Ephphatha,*" he said. "Be opened."

At this word the man got back his hearing and began to speak. Jesus saw the danger and, as he had so often done before, appealed to the crowd not to talk of the cure. But, again as in the past, the news spread. For a time the great days of his popularity returned. He cured and healed; straightened the maimed; restored sight and speech, cast out devils. It was as if a sulky fire had come to life in a fresh wind.

But time was passing, and he could not stay in the Decapolis for long. The last weeks in Galilee and the north are a record of hurried journeys and quick decisions, like a man eager to settle his affairs before leaving a country for the last time. Jesus is next heard of on the western side of the lake, within reach of Antipas once more, at Magdala. Here the Pharisees were waiting for him.

Their tactics on this occasion were crude. They asked Jesus to demonstrate his power, to show them a sign from heaven. The trap was patent, and Jesus reacted in the familiar way.

"When it is evening, ye say: It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning: It will be foul weather today because the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites," Jesus railed, "ye can discern the face of the sky but can ye discern the signs of the times? A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it."

With this he left them and Magdala abruptly, climbed into the disciples' boat and put out for Bethsaida again.

Here, too, his stay was brief. He effected one cure, that of a blind man, then pushed north over the border to Herod Philip's city of Caesarea Philippi. The city, which is about twenty-five miles from the lake, is dominated by Mount Hermon; it had been rebuilt by the tetrarch and renamed by him in honour of Tiberius and himself. It was near this place, under the triple summit of Hermon, that Jesus chose to make his tremendous declaration to the apostles.

The question sounded casual. "Whom do men say I, the Son of Man, am?" They told him that he was variously thought to be John the Baptist; or Elias; or Jeremias, or another of the prophets.

"But who say *ye* that I am?" Jesus demanded.

The answer once more came from Peter. "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

Jesus blessed him for his intuition. "Thou art Peter," he declared, "and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

WITH his great secret out, Jesus urgently charged his apostles to let nobody know that he was the Christ. He went on to tell them of his inevitable journey to Judaea; of what he would suffer there at the hands of the chief priests and the scribes; of his death, and how he would be raised to life on the third day.

But Peter, who when the moment came was to try to fight for Jesus's life, refused to accept the tragic prophecy. He took Jesus aside. "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be done unto thee."

Jesus rebutted him violently. "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

He warned the apostles of the hard discipline, danger and trial that loyalty to him and his creed demanded. "If any man will come after me," he said, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake will find it. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."

Six days after this, a few of the apostles had confirmation of Jesus's terrific statement. He selected Peter, James and John. Leaving the other nine, he took these witnesses with him to a high mountain. There he was transfigured. His face shone blindingly; his clothes became as immaculate as light. A cloud swept low from the sky, and a voice came out of it, saying the same words Jesus had heard alone in the Jordan valley, when he came out of the water after being baptized by John.

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased: hear ye him."

Peter, James and John threw themselves to the ground in terror. But Jesus touched them, telling them not to be afraid, but to get up. They did. Jesus only was with them.

With his Transfiguration, the ministry of Jesus in Galilee virtually ended. He was to remain there a short time longer; clash briefly once more with the Pharisees; do a last cure; preach a last sermon.

All this was an interlude. Autumn was near and the men plotting his death were gathering in Jerusalem. Jesus knew it.

It was time to go.

The final part of "The Life of Jesus" will appear as a Supplement inside "John Bull" next week

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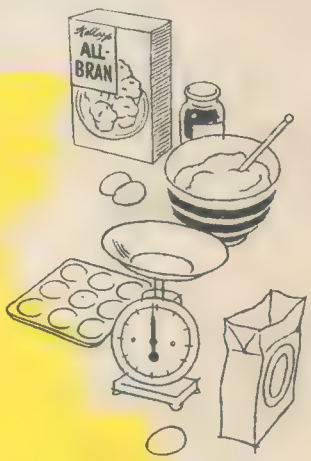

ALL KELLOGG'S CEREALS ARE GOOD TO EAT ANY TIME

MORE PEOPLE LIKE Kellogg's MOST

David Brown, millionaire in a hurry

by FRANKLIN RUSSELL

His passion for speed has won him a fortune. He uses planes as if they are taxis, races his cars against the world, and believes nothing is impossible

David Brown (in glasses) and members of the Aston Martin team of drivers, discuss one of the cars being prepared for next year's Monte Carlo Rally

DURING THE 1952 GOODWOOD nine-hour race, the leading car, an Aston Martin driven by Reg Parnell, came skidding into the pits with smoke pouring from the back. While two mechanics and the racing manager, John Wyer, were attending to it, the car burst into flames.

As firemen and mechanics frantically tried to extinguish the fire, and ambulances took Wyer and the two mechanics to hospital, one man in the pit retained his icy calm. David Brown, who owned the Aston Martin, helped with the rescue operations and then watched another of his Aston Martins go on to win the race.

Behind a façade of quietness, bordering on shyness, David Brown, industrial tycoon, racing car enthusiast and hunting man, is building one of Britain's great industrial empires. "Nothing fazes D. B.," says a colleague. "He showed as little emotion when fighting that fire in the pits as he does when spending a million pounds in an afternoon at a conference-room table."

His friends believe that Brown's present wealth and power—he is a postwar millionaire—rest on his ability to refuse persistently to believe that anything is impossible. During the 1954 sports car race at Le Mans, two of Brown's Aston Martins were wrecked in crashes and a brand new twelve-cylinder experimental version of the famous Lagonda was partially wrecked.

He Delegates Authority

"After such a débâcle," says one of Brown's racing staff, "the reaction at the factory was that we were finished for the year. We asked D. B. for time to build up strength in readiness for another try the following year. But we were told he didn't care how long we took to build up, as long as we didn't take longer than three weeks."

Working with feverish haste, mechanics stripped the three wrecks, salvaged all possible parts and used them to rebuild the cars on new chassis. Brown, who believes in the utmost delegation of authority, kept up the tempo of work with occasional telegrams from the South of France. He returned to England in time to see his cars finish first, second, third and fourth in a race at Silverstone.

A delight in achieving what others consider the impossible keeps Brown impatient of all delays. His enthusiasm for racing is so great that he insists on getting his cars on the track after a minimum of test work. "I like to do my experimental work in actual racing conditions," he says. "We learn our lessons quickly that

On his Buckinghamshire farm, Brown often exercises his racehorses himself. And at his factories, he likes to be the first to test new cars

With Mr. Frank Feeley, Aston Martin body designer, Brown inspects a scale model. "David", says one of his friends, "worships speed"

way." He cannot bear anybody to test untried models before he does. "We don't like to encourage this," says one of his development staff, "but who can stop him?"

In 1948, Brown gambled on winning the first long-distance postwar race at Spa, Belgium. He had just bought the ailing Aston Martin company and needed the win to restore the company's prestige. John Wyer, then working for another organization, remembers seeing the Aston Martin car arrive at Spa. "It wasn't anywhere near ready," he recalls, "and the mechanics worked on it till within a few minutes of the race." The car won and launched Aston Martin on a record-breaking series of sports car wins.

Brown's friends feel that the speeds he achieves at racing are only a reflection of a way of thinking. "Although David is a quiet, calm fellow," says a friend, "he worships speed." When Brown has the facts on a particular problem, he makes decisions with lightning speed. Once, at a lunch held after an executive meeting, Brown was called to the telephone. He returned after a few minutes and told his colleagues: "I've just bought Lagonda."

This deal meant that Brown saved a fine English automobile name from extinction

Workshop Burned Down

By implementing in his business such speed of decision and thought, Brown has in twenty years increased the turnover of his various companies from £600,000 a year to £1,000,000 a month. No section of the business is allowed to lag even for a few days. Early on August 26, 1953, one of his large Midlands workshops caught fire and burned to the ground. Under Brown's pressure, rebuilding was begun within five days.

As one of the youngest millionaires in Britain, Brown is a well-preserved fifty, with slightly greying hair, bright blue eyes and horn-rimmed glasses. His modesty extends to nearly all tastes. He does not regularly drink or smoke, although occasionally he does so socially.

He has two extravagances. He and his wife, and son and daughter—both of whom work in the business—collectively own about £12,000 worth of cars, all manufactured in his factories. He also keeps a stable of racehorses, mostly steeplechasers. In spare moments, he takes early morning gallops and rides with a hunt club.

Brown employs 10,000 people in an alliance of eighteen companies scattered throughout Britain and the Commonwealth, which produces and sells cars, tractors, farm implements, gears and gear units, precision and machine tools, and steel and bronze castings.

His company is one of the few large privately owned concerns in England. Brown is in complete control. "Although the public holds some shares in the company," says an executive, "D. B. could shut down everything tomorrow and retire to the South of France for life." Brown has no intention of ever doing this. His ambition is to expand still further.

In expanding, he has taken risks which seem suicidal to other industrialists. Shortly before the second World War, he decided to mass-produce tractors, a market dominated by American manufacturers.

"The general opinion in the firm at that time," says a high executive, "was that David Brown was backing the wrong horse. But now we're *exporting* tractors to the United States."

The least dramatic and most profitable part of Brown's activities is gear manufacturing. Brown has supplied gears for the Royal Yacht Britannia, for the Bristol Brabazon, the late Sir Malcolm Campbell's Bluebird and for ships, tramcars, trolleybuses, locomotives, cars and lorries throughout the world.

The pace of Brown's present life was partially set by his father, Frank Brown, who was so determined that his son would learn the business the hard way that he "gave" him an unprofitable section of his works—a small gear company—with instructions to make money. David Brown, then twenty-three, worked furiously and produced an even more outstanding loss for the first year. The next year, by ruthless pruning of costs, expansion of production and lifting of factory morale, he won not only a profit but also his father's confidence.

By using one product to help another, Brown plans endless expansion. About eighteen months ago, President Perón of Argentina announced that many import licences would be cancelled unless foreign exporters submitted plans for progressive manufacture in Argentina. Brown, who had sales of half a million pounds yearly in that country, immediately made plans to fly to Buenos Aires.

But at the same time, he remembered Perón's interest in sports cars and arranged for an Aston Martin to race in an important Argentinian event. After the race, Brown saw Perón. While the discussion revolved amicably around cars, Brown clinched a further contract for £500,000 and agreed on a plan under which he gradually begins tractor production in Argentina itself.

Brown roves the world like most men travel from suburb to suburb. When his agents in New York recently wrote him a letter suggesting procedures by which sales in the United States could be increased, Brown flew to New York at a few hours' notice merely to discuss the matter.

Builds His Own Airfields

To keep in touch with his scattered factories, he has to be mobile. He uses his plane, a De Havilland Dove, like a taxi, and has airfields built or located near all his big industrial enterprises. During a recent week, he spent Monday at his automobile division at Feltham, lunched in London with a government official, flew to his tractor factory near Huddersfield early on Tuesday morning, toured his foundry and gear factories at Penistone on Thursday, returned to London on Friday, and then drove to his farm near High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, for the weekend.

Although Brown lacks a lot of the colour commonly associated with great industrial tycoons, his quiet manner profoundly impresses many people. When he left England to interview President Perón there was much discussion among company employees as to how Perón, rumoured to be a difficult customer, would react to Brown's approach.

"Perón must have recognized that D. B. was a man in a hurry," says a friend. "Not only did he quickly promise a new contract; he later sent D. B. a specially fast thoroughbred horse for his personal use." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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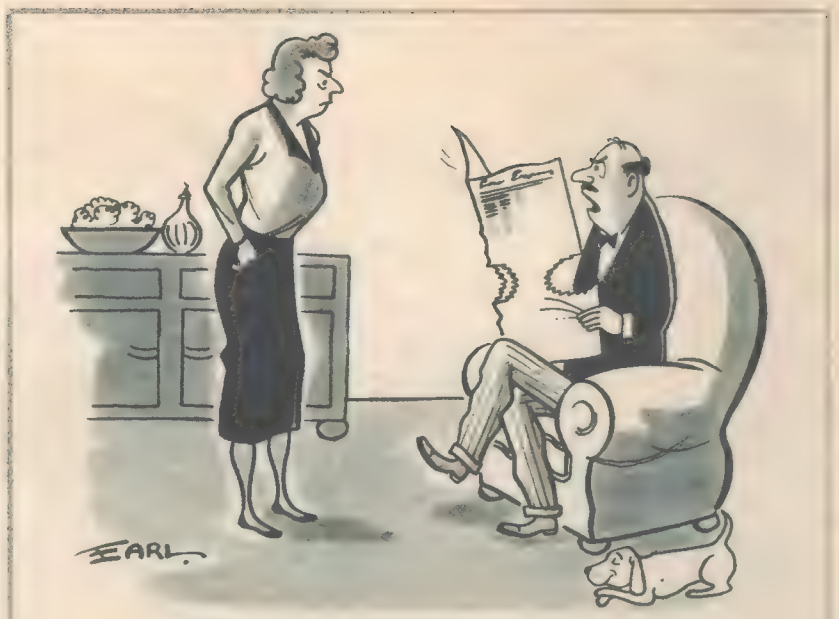

"*Must* we send the dog to fetch the paper?"

A TRIP TO BERLIN

Continued from page 27

said he wouldn't be back to supper because he would be working late on some scheme."

There was a brief pause, as though Stella were striving to control herself, and then she spoke again, in a flat, level voice. "I didn't mean to do anything silly. It was just that I didn't want to go back to the house because—" her voice wavered momentarily—"because Miranda was there, and I wanted to be alone to think. So I rang up and said I wouldn't be back, and I drove out somewhere—to that place where the swimming pool is—and parked the car and walked about the grounds and thought about everything. And then I suddenly decided to ring up the office and—and make sure. I drove to the Officers' Club and telephoned from there. But there was no answer from his office and he wasn't in the mess either."

Simon Lang must have moved nearer the window because this time Miranda heard his voice.

"What time was that?"

In a hard, defiant voice, Stella said: "Just after half past seven. I got into the car and drove to the road where the Pages' flat is. I parked the car where I could watch the entrance, and after a minute or two I saw Sally—Mrs. Page—come out and get into a taxi. I followed it, but I lost it at the traffic lights."

"Mrs. Page was dining at the Leslies'," said Simon. "So by that reckoning she must have arrived at their house not later than ten minutes to eight."

"I know," said Stella wretchedly. "I've made a complete fool of myself. I see that now."

"What did you do when you lost sight of the taxi?"

"I parked the car in a side street and just sat."

"For how long?"

"I don't know. It didn't seem very long, but it may have been an hour—or two hours." She gave a dreary little laugh. "And then I had something to eat at a little restaurant in one of the back roads and came home."

Simon said: "Did you see anyone you knew? Or anyone who could identify you, between the time you left the club and eight o'clock?"

"No," said Stella wearily. "No one at all. So you can see I haven't got an alibi. Captain Lang——"

"Yes?"

"Does Robert have to know?"

"Not unless you tell him yourself," said Simon. "It might not be a bad idea, you know."

"I can't!" Stella's voice had a hard edge to it. "He asked me this morning and I said I had just decided to see Berlin and have supper at a German café for—for fun. I only told you because. . . ." She stopped and then said in a voice that was puzzled and a little angry: "I don't know why I should have told you."

Because people do tell him things, thought Miranda wryly. Things they don't mean to tell him.

Mademoiselle came round the corner of the house wheeling her bicycle. Seeing Miranda at the window, she paused and inquired if she had slept well.

She herself, she said, had not closed her eyes, so great was her alarm, and her sorrow for the poor, poor woman so foully done to death.

She was interrupted by Stella, who leaned out of the window to ask if she was sure she knew the way to the Lawrences' house.

But yes, said Mademoiselle. She knew quite well the direction and would have departed earlier had it not been for the time wasted by the imbecile gendarmes and their so foolish questions. Mademoiselle concluded her remarks with a resounding sniff and wheeled her bicycle away.

Stella said: "Hallo, Randa. I'm being given the third degree."

"Do you mean to say that the imbecile gendarmes haven't finished with their so foolish questions yet?" inquired Miranda, raising her voice with intent.

Stella frowned and said sharply: "Don't be silly, Miranda!" She drew in her head and Miranda heard Simon Lang laugh, and then the window shut with a bang.

Miranda was trying to explain something to herself. She had received a series of violent and unpleasant shocks, and could be forgiven for reacting to them a little wildly. But why, in the strong light of morning, should some of the feeling of panic remain with her? Suspicion could not possibly rest on her. She had no shadow of motive for killing Brigadier Brindley or Friedel Schultz, and no possible connection with either of them. And yet she was still afraid. Why?

Because of Simon Lang? Could he see a possible reason why she might have committed both crimes—a motive that had escaped Miranda herself but was, none the less, a feasible one? If so, somewhere in all this there was a connection between Brigadier Brindley, Friedel and herself. . . .

The drawing-room door opened and Stella walked quickly across the hall and ran up the stairs. A moment later the door of her bedroom shut with a bang. Miranda went through to the drawing-room.

Simon Lang was leaning against the window-frame, his hands deep in his pockets, looking out into the garden. He turned his head as Miranda entered, and smiled.

Miranda said: "You have a theory about me, haven't you? A possible

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Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

ONE SATURDAY MORNING, Charlie Gill, a roundsman, was delivering milk from his horse-drawn van in High Road, a favourite playground of the local children. At the end of this road there was an open-air market.

Charlie took some milk into a block of flats, leaving his van unattended. When he was away, several small boys began to throw stones at his horse, which suddenly bolted in terror and headed for the market, while children scattered from its path.

P.C. Strong, a young constable on duty, realized that unless the horse was stopped it would cause serious injury and damage.

Running from the pavement, he jumped at the van and managed to haul himself into the driver's seat. He stopped the horse before there was an accident, but he suffered two broken ribs and some minor injuries and had to go into hospital.

When he was well, Strong sued Charlie's employers for damages. "Charlie was negligent in leaving a horse and van unattended near an open market, in a street full of children," he told the judge.

"Any thoughtful person would have anticipated that the horse might bolt; if I hadn't stopped it, there would undoubtedly have been a great deal of harm done; I am entitled to damages for my injuries."

"Strong was certainly heroic," admitted Charlie's employers. "But we do not have to pay for his heroism. He acted on his own initiative when he jumped on to the van; it was obvious that he might get hurt—perhaps even killed.

"He was not compelled to act as he did, and we are not liable for an injury which he risked willingly.

"It should also be remembered that the boys throwing stones were really responsible for starting the affair."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 44

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reason why I might have murdered two people who were complete strangers to me."

He did not trouble to deny or confirm her statement, but returned her gaze evenly and in silence.

"What reason could I possibly have had?" urged Miranda. "I didn't know either of them."

Simon was silent for a moment or two, then he said meditatively: "Men commit murder for a variety of reasons, but, generally speaking, there are only two reasons why women commit murder, and they frequently commit it for a combination of the two. It is just conceivable—only just—that you might qualify on account of those reasons. If you don't understand, then there's no need for you to worry."

"But I tell you I had never even met Brigadier Brindley before that afternoon on the train!" insisted Miranda.

"No, I don't think you had."

"And as for Friedel, I hadn't spoken more than a dozen words to her."

Simon looked at her speculatively for a moment or two. Then he said quietly: "Whoever killed the brigadier need not have known him for more than a few hours."

"And Friedel?"

"That, I think, was a mistake." He glanced at his watch and said: "I must go," and turned and walked to the door.

Miranda ran after him and caught his arm: "Please wait, you haven't answered my question."

SIMON looked down at the slim fingers clutching his sleeve, and detached them as though he were removing some small creeping object that he did not wish to harm. Then the door closed quietly behind him.

Miranda made a sound like an infuriated and frightened kitten, and, turning her back on the door, ran upstairs.

She went to Stella's room and found her at her dressing-table, staring at her own reflection in the mirror as if it were some stranger she saw there. She said in a hoarse whisper:

"I'm afraid, Randa. *I'm afraid!*"

Miranda ran to her and put her arms round her, trying to think of something to say that would convince Stella that Robert would never leave her for Sally Page or anyone else. To gain

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1203

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

time, she said: "What have you to be afraid of, darling?"

"Of being murdered!" said Stella in a whisper.

The answer was so unexpected and so shocking that Miranda released her and took a quick step backwards.

"What on earth do you mean?"

Stella's hands clutched at the edge of the dressing-table. "Someone meant to kill me. *Me*—not Friedel."

Miranda opened her mouth to say don't be ridiculous, but a sudden recollection of what Simon had said to her a few minutes ago checked the words on her tongue.

"Don't you see—someone thought it was me! Even *you* did. You said so! Someone thought I should be here alone, as you were. You should have been out—Mrs. Leslie told me so—but I ought to have been here. I tell you someone meant to kill me, Randa!"

Miranda said patiently: "How can you be so sure? Do you know of any reason why anyone should want to kill you?"

"Yes. . . ." Miranda barely heard the whispered word. Stella was not even looking at her, but was staring straight ahead. There was a stark terror in her eyes that made Miranda's heart miss a beat.

Miranda said quickly: "If you mean Sally Page, I think. . . ."

"Sally?" interrupted Stella, her gaze returning to Miranda. "What on earth has Sally Page to do with it?" Her voice sounded genuinely startled. And then her face changed. It became blank and expressionless and her eyes were no longer terrified, but guarded and wary.

She picked up a powder puff from the dressing-table and spoke to Miranda over her shoulder: "I'm afraid I was talking nonsense. Don't let's discuss it any more, for heaven's sake, Randa. Oh, God, what a mess I look! I must do something to my face before Robert gets back."

But Robert had already arrived. Miranda found him in the drawing-room with Harry and Elsa Marson. They had been talking in low tones and they broke off as she entered, and turned quickly to face her.

Robert said: "Oh, it's you, Randa." He turned to Mrs. Marson. "Elsa, have a brandy and soda instead of that sherry. You look as if you could do with it. We all could."

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. Marson. "I think it is time we go."

HARRY MARSON said:. "Hallo, Miranda. This is a bloody business, isn't it—in more senses than one." He finished the contents of his glass at a gulp. "We've had the Polizei and the F.B.I. and the Gendarmerie and old Uncle Sherlock Holmes Cantrell and all swarming all over us since early dawn. Or that's what it feels like. I've had about enough."

The Marsons went soon after, and Stella came down to lunch looking smooth and poised and soignée. It did not seem possible that this was the same woman who had crouched before her mirror, hysterical and terrified, so short a time ago.

Robert went to the foot of the stairs to meet her. He took her into his arms and held her close to him for a moment, her head thrown back so that he could look into her eyes. Then he kissed her gently and released her.

"Well done, darling," he said approvingly.

A little flush of colour rose to Stella's cheeks and the tension in her face and body seemed to relax. She smiled at him warmly and lovingly and tucking her hand through his arm turned towards the dining-room.

A little after three o'clock a horn sounded in the road. "That'll be Harry," said Robert. "Darling, I'm going to be late again this evening. I'm sorry. It's specially beastly just now, but there is a bit of an international flap on and the C.O. is up to his eyes in work and worry. I'll be back as soon as I can, but it may not be until around eight o'clock. Goodbye, my sweet. Try not to worry too much."

Harry Marson tooted the car horn impatiently and Robert pulled Stella to him and kissed her again, holding her for a moment with his cheek against hers. He looked past her to Miranda, his eyes anxious, and said: "Look after her, Randa."

Stella released herself with a little laugh.

"It's Miranda who needs looking after, darling, not me. Randa was in the thick of it all."

"Well, look after each other then." He reached out and ruffled Miranda's dark hair affectionately, and was gone.

Two men came to interview Stella during the course of the afternoon. One of them a Colonel Cantrell whom Miranda remembered having seen in the waiting-room of Charlottenburg Station, and the other a German policeman. But they did not ask to see Miranda and she returned to the garden and sat on the edge of Lottie's sandpit with an anxious eye on the drawing-room windows.

THEY left after half an hour, and towards five o'clock Stella suggested a visit to the swimming pool at the Stadium, where Lottie and the Lawrence children were to have a swimming lesson. She had not referred to the afternoon's interview, but her eyes were over-bright and there was a hectic flush of colour in her cheeks.

"I wonder if we need any petrol?" Stella started the car and backed it out cautiously. "I think there's a spare gallon somewhere."

Miranda leaned forward and peered at the gauge: "No. You've got a gallon in the tank. It isn't far, is it?"

"Only a couple of miles, I think. If that." Stella sighed and said: "Do you remember when we bought this car? It was in 1950, for Robert's leave. We went to Dorset. Oh those peaceful English lanes and hedges! And here I am, driving it around Berlin! It seems all wrong, somehow."

"Don't worry, darling," comforted Miranda. "You'll drive it down a lot more English lanes one day. It's done a nice comfortable wodge of British mileage—17,332 miles, no less—so I see no reason why it should not tot up a few in Germany before getting back to hedges again."

"It won't be hedges," said Stella gloomily. "It will be some beastly bamboo forest or a rubber plantation, and I expect we'll have to paint it some dreary shade of jungle green."

The eastern entrance to the Stadium area led into a road that skirted a vast amphitheatre and passed between green playing fields to a large block of buildings, one of which housed the big indoor swimming pool.

Stella parked the car and they walked between tall gates along a wide path and down a short flight of stone steps past a large outdoor pool, three parts full of dark, stagnant water.

The huge indoor pool was heated and the atmosphere was steamy and stifling. They endured it for an hour, for Lottie's sake, and then Mrs. Lawrence, who had been watching her offspring having a swimming lesson, asked them back to her house for a drink so that Stella could say goodnight to Lottie.

The Lawrence house lay half a mile from the west entrance of the Stadium area, in a quiet, tree-lined road. It was after half-past six by the time they reached the house, and Katy Lawrence ushered her guests into the drawing-room and hunted the children

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 42, the judge said that Charlie had been negligent—he had not taken proper care for the safety of the people in High Road. The results of his action were easily foreseeable, and Strong's heroism was a direct and natural consequence of Charlie's negligence. Strong won his case and recovered substantial damages. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

off to supper in charge of Mademoiselle. Colonel Lawrence had not yet returned.

Sally Page arrived while they were drinking sherry. She looked fragile, childlike, pathetic, and the faint smudge of sleeplessness under the cornflower blue eyes served to enhance their size and colour. She pressed Stella and Miranda to go back with her to her flat that evening.

"*Do* say you'll come!" begged Sally prettily. "I do so want you to see my flat, and Andy would love to see you."

MIRANDA saw Stella's face pale and her mouth tighten. She said crisply, "I know Miranda would love to go, but I'm afraid I can't manage it this evening."

Miranda was left with no option; she could hardly refuse in face of Stella's positive statement that she would love to go. Sally smiled disarmingly at her, and having got her own way turned to the subject of Friedel's murder. Stella stood up abruptly and said that she would run up and say good night to Lottie.

Sounds of woe from above penetrated to the drawing-room and Stella reappeared looking worried. "That was Lottie," she said apologetically. "She's left that tiresome little china bear of hers behind at the swimming pool, and she won't go to sleep without it."

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Katy Lawrence, "and I'm afraid the car has gone off to fetch Richard; but I'll get the driver to go up and look for it as soon as he gets back."

"Please don't bother. I could go, if it comes to that, but Mademoiselle has offered to run up on her bicycle. It's no distance at all really, and I do think she might have seen that Lottie had it. It's all right for her to go, isn't it? I mean, they will let her in?"

"Oh, yes. She'll probably be stopped at the gate and asked what she's doing, but they know her."

"Then that's all right," said Stella, thankfully. "I must admit that the last thing I want to do is to drive back to the baths and hunt around for twenty minutes or so for a little china toy. But thank goodness Mademoiselle is made of sterner stuff. I think I'll go along home and have a hot bath before Robert gets back. Good night, Mrs. Lawrence, and thank you again for having Lottie."

Mrs. Lawrence saw her to the door and Sally Page went off to telephone Andy and tell him that she was bringing Miranda back to the flat. She returned looking flushed and defiant.

On arrival at the flat Miranda realized, too late, that Sally's only object in asking her there had been to use her as a buffer between herself and Andy. There had apparently been a major matrimonial row between the two young Pages, but owing to Miranda's presence Andy was compelled to play the host and dispense drinks and social small-talk.

Sally pressed Miranda to stay to supper or, alternatively, to accompany Andy and herself to the club, but Andy made no attempt to second the invitation and Miranda firmly excused herself and said she must get home.

Andy said he would drive her back and that Sally had better get on cooking some supper as it was the girl's day out. He was morose and monosyllabic on the journey to the Melvilles'. He refused her half-hearted invitation to come in for a drink, and having dropped her at the gate drove away at speed without waiting to see her to the door.

ROBERT let her in, and she was halfway up the stairs when she remembered that she had left her handbag in the Melvilles' car, and that it contained her lipstick and powder puff. She turned and went down again to the hall, lifted the garage key off its hook near the hall door and went out, leaving the door open behind her.

The garage was cold and airless and smelled unpleasantly of petrol, mildew and mice. Miranda switched on the single overhead bulb, but it only served to throw the interior of the car into deep shadow. She reached in and switched on the dashboard lights, but the bag was not there. Stella must have taken it in, thought Miranda.

She switched off the dashboard light and slammed the car door behind her. As she did so she thought she heard a sound behind her. A swift, stealthy, scrambling sound.

Miranda stood quite still, her hand clutching at the door of the car, and listened. But the night was quiet and nothing moved. Miranda took a deep breath and walked quickly over to the garage door and with shaking fingers turned off the light and locked the door behind her and fled back up the path to the house.

Stella was coming down the hall stairs and she checked at the sight of Miranda's white face, one hand gripping the banister and the other suddenly at her throat, her eyes wide with terror.

"What is it? What's happened?"

"Nothing. Don't look like that, Stella! I went down to the garage to get my bag out of the car and I thought I heard someone or something. Probably only a cat or an owl, but my nerves are in poor shape these days, and I panicked and ran back here at the double. That's all."

Stella swayed and Miranda ran up the stairs and put an arm about her.

"I'm sorry," apologized Stella. "But you gave me a fright, rushing in like that. I thought for a moment

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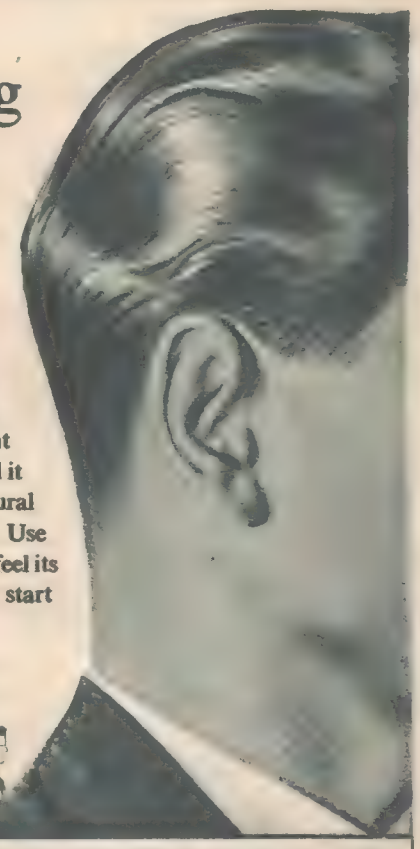

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that something else awful had happened."

Miranda comforted her and went on up to her room. By the time she appeared in the dining-room Robert and Stella had started dinner.

"Funny smell," said Miranda, drawing up a chair. "What is it? Petrol?"

"No, turps," said Robert. "I've had half a pint of it over my trousers and I'm not pleased. Mademoiselle keeps a bottle to frighten moths. She left it in the bathroom, of all places, improperly corked, and I knocked it for six." He paused. "But what about you, Miranda? What were you panicking about in the garage for?"

"I was looking for my handbag. And I wasn't panicking—or at least not much."

"Well, the next time you want to go scouting around in the dark, call me first and I'll go along as bodyguard—heavily armed with the offensive weapon which is at present safe in my wardrobe. I have even taken the precaution of loading the thing since last night."

Stella's face was suddenly white. "Robert! You don't mean—you don't really think——"

"Of course not, darling! It was only a weak attempt at humour. All the same, I'd rather you both laid off wandering around after dark—for the sake of your nerves, if nothing else.

"By the way, Randa," he said, handing round the mutton. "I meant to ask you—how was it that you knew Lang's telephone number? I gather you rang him up and yelled for help."

"He gave me his number," said Miranda shortly, angrily conscious of her heightened colour.

Robert lifted an amused eyebrow. "And you carried it about clutched in one hand ever after, I suppose?"

"No," said Miranda coldly. "I didn't need to. I've got a freak memory for numbers. If I've once seen them written down I can visualize them again as if I was looking at a photograph."

"Oh damn!" said Stella. "Now I've spilt the mayonnaise! Quick Robert, get me a cloth."

In the ensuing tumult Simon Lang was forgotten and Miranda was profoundly grateful for Stella's timely interruption.

"Where's Mademoiselle?" inquired Robert. "Is she having supper with the Lawrences? I thought she was supposed to eat here."

"So she is." Stella looked at the clock and frowned. "It's nearly ten o'clock," she said in a troubled voice. "I'd no idea it was as late as that! She *must* be back by now. She's probably in the kitchen."

"No she isn't," reported Robert, peering through the hatch.

"Then I think I'll just run up and see if she's in her room. You know how she sulks sometimes."

"I'll go," said Miranda. "You look all in."

MIRANDA tapped on Mademoiselle's door, and, receiving no answer, turned the handle and went in. The room was in darkness and she turned on the light and stood looking about her curiously. The small room was meticulously neat; the bedcover drawn smoothly and without a wrinkle, the dressing-table almost bare. She switched off the light and went downstairs again.

"She's not there," she reported.

"I think perhaps I'd better ring up the Lawrences," said Stella anxiously.

But Mademoiselle was not at the Lawrences'. She had not returned there and Lottie had eventually gone to sleep without her Rollerbear.

"Damn the woman!" said Robert crossly. "I suppose she's punctured a tyre or something of the sort, and hasn't got the sense to ring up and let us know. I suppose I'd better go out and hunt her up."

He collected a coat from the hall and went off to the garage, to return an hour later, but without Mademoiselle. The men in charge of the Stadium gate had been changed about the time she would have left, and those now on duty had no recollection of seeing any

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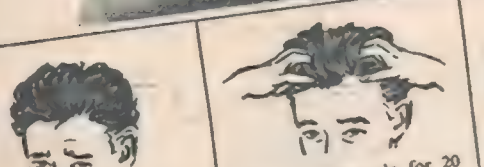

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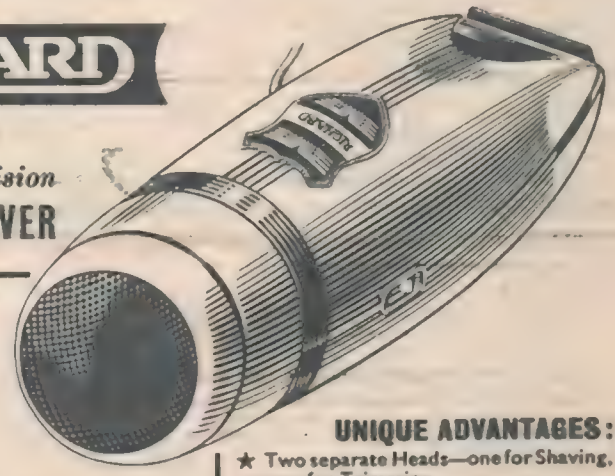

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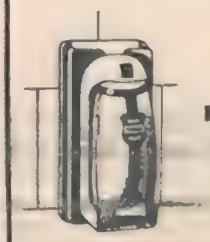

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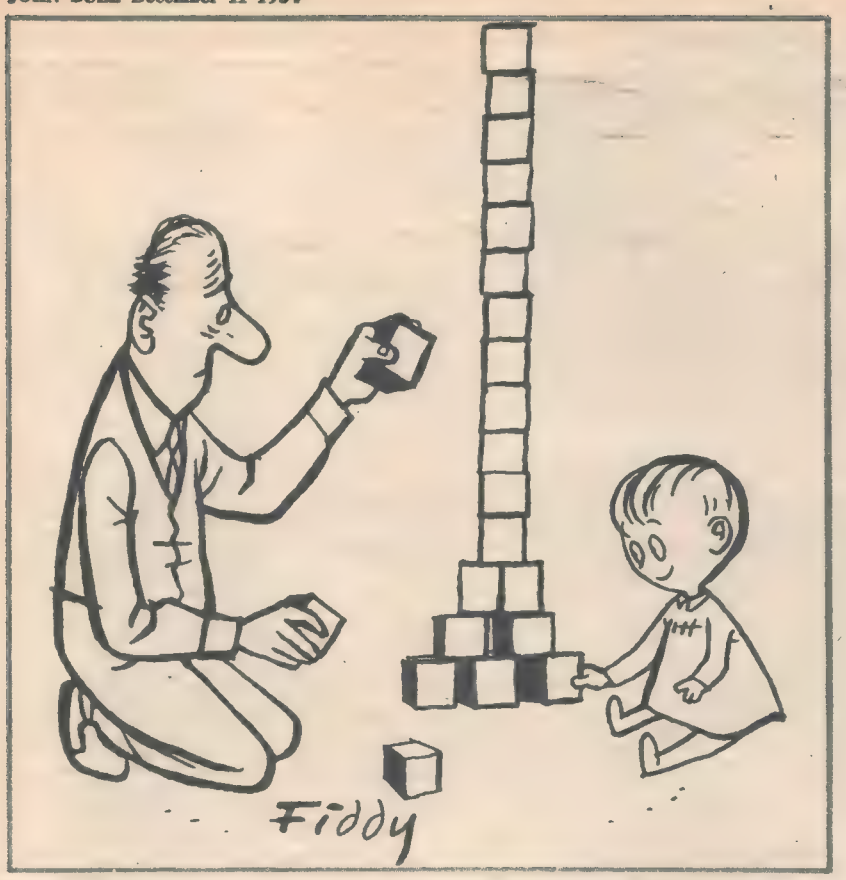

middle-aged woman riding a bicycle.

They decided, uneasily, to leave it for the evening. But in the morning Mademoiselle's room was still empty and her bed had not been slept in, though the coverlet was rumpled as though someone had sat on the bed. Mademoiselle's brush and comb, toothbrush and nightdress were missing, and the hall door, which Robert had left on the latch, was now locked. It looked as if she had returned sometime during the night, collected a few necessities and left again as quietly as she had come.

But she had left behind her one memento of her visit. On the centre of the bare dressing-table stood a small china bear.

There was something white lying in the shadow just behind the door, and Miranda stooped and picked it up. It was a much-crumpled face tissue, of an unusual and expensive brand.

"I don't understand!" said Stella angrily. "If she wanted to go, why didn't she say so? Why didn't she explain? She might at least have given me a month's notice, instead of going off like this and leaving me in the lurch. And we owe her for nearly three weeks. Robert, you don't think that there's anything behind it, do you?"

"Of course there's something behind it!" said Robert crossly. "She's tired of being interrogated by the police, and someone has offered her a better job at a considerably higher salary and the old witch has snapped it up. Let her go—and good riddance."

But they were not rid of Mademoiselle Beljame.

THE following day, answering a ring at the doorbell, Miranda was confronted by Simon Lang. Stella was out, but he walked in without ceremony, tossed his hat on to the hall table and said without preamble: "What's this about the Melvilles' Swiss governess having walked out on them? I want to know when she went, where she is, and why the hell it wasn't reported immediately!"

"But we don't know where she is," said Miranda breathlessly. She sat down somewhat abruptly on a hall chair and explained the circumstances, and when she had finished he asked to be shown Mademoiselle's room. It had, however, been swept and dusted only that morning, the bed linen removed and the blankets neatly folded.

"Why wasn't this reported at once?"

"I don't think it occurred to us," said Miranda candidly. "We just thought she'd heard of a better job and left. It happens often in Berlin, I gather. You just ask any of the wives!"

Simon returned to the hall and picked up his hat. He paused by the hall door and looked at the catch of the Yale lock, and then opened the door, released the catch and tried to shut it again. The lock was a stiff one and resisted until he used force. Simon looked at it thoughtfully and said: "How many other exits are there from this house? Apart from the windows, of course."

"Two—the back, and the french window in the drawing-room." Miranda looked at his still face and said breathlessly:

"But if Mademoiselle did it—the murders I mean—she couldn't get away! No one can get in or out of Berlin without endless passports and identity cards and bits of paper."

SIMON LANG transferred his speculative gaze from the Yale lock to Miranda's face and said: "You've forgotten the Russian Zone. It provides an admirable bolthole."

"Then you think she's in East Berlin?"

"No," said Simon meditatively. "I think she's . . ." he stopped and gave a slight shrug of his shoulders and said: "No matter." He turned and opening the door again went down the short path that led to the gate and drove away.

Stella returned just before lunch. She had met Simon Lang at the Lawrences', and she seemed cheerful and almost exhilarated. "He thinks Mademoiselle may have had something to do with the murders," she explained, "and that she's taken fright and made a bolt for it. I only hope it's true!"

"Why?" said Miranda, startled.

"Because if only it *is* her, it means that it wasn't. . . ." Stella broke off abruptly and bit her lip. "I mean," she said carefully, "that if it was Mademoiselle the whole matter is cleared up and we won't have any more of those ghastly police inquiries and people snooping around the house asking questions. It means that it's all over, and we can breathe again, and enjoy ourselves, and nothing else frightening can happen."

Miranda said quickly: "For goodness sake cross your fingers when you say things like that! We don't know yet that she was the one."

"She must be!" insisted Stella passionately. "She's *got* to be! If she isn't, why did she run away?"

By teatime no trace had been found

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I changed her tears to smiles

"MUMMY! MUMMY!" cried my little girl, "I'm *so* unhappy!" I couldn't think what on earth had happened. She'd gone off to school that morning so full of excitement. You see, she was in the Junior Girls' Nursing Corps and they were having a dress rehearsal for the inspection, next day, by the Mayor.

The trouble came when the other girls teased her. You know how *unkind* children can be to each other. They chided her about her uniform blouse. Said it wasn't really 'hospital white', like a real nurse would wear!

I was *very* annoyed. The Nursing Corps had given her the blouse. But she'd been unlucky and got one that had been on the shelf for months. It had gone all dowdy grey. "Don't worry, pet," I said to my little girl. "Mummy will soon put *that* right. You'll be the envy of the school when I've finished with that blouse . . ."

CHEERED UP. It took some minutes to console the little mite. But she soon cheered up when I told her I knew Surf would get that blouse really white . . . really spotless. Following the directions on the packet, I put my little girl's blouse into some cold Surf suds. Then I brought them to the boil.

BRAND NEW, that's what the blouse looked like after *only ten minutes* in the boil. Surf had restored true whiteness to the blouse by removing all the stubborn *ingrained* grime as well as the surface dirt. After I'd ironed that blouse it really looked beautiful. "That'll show them," I thought to myself.

SHEER WONDER was in my little girl's face when she saw her blouse. Later the headmistress complimented her on her smartness. Even the Mayor told her how nice she looked. That made her the proudest girl on parade. She thinks her Mummy's wonderful. And *I* think Surf is —for getting whites clean, for boiling out stains, yes, for washing *everything* spotless.

Surf boils spotless!

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

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"You want a chair? Now let me see . . ."

of the errant governess, and a representative of the K.R.I.P.O., the German police force, speaking correct but halting English, had called to ask questions and to interrogate the cook.

Robert returned shortly after tea in a bad temper. He had not seen Simon Lang, but Colonel Cantrell had rung him up at his office and been brusquely outspoken on the subject of his failure to report the disappearance of Mademoiselle Beljame. Robert was feeling sore and sulky, and Miranda gratefully accepted an unexpected invitation by the Leslies to go swimming, hoping that by the time she returned the atmosphere would be less electric.

There were not many people at the Stadium pool, for although the water was kept at a comfortable temperature and the big building was warmed throughout, it was still too early in the year, and too cold, for people to think of swimming.

Sally Page, her pretty figure showing to advantage in a brief swimming-suit of white satin, was sitting at the far side of the pool, her feet dangling in the water, talking to Elsa Marson.

MRS. MARSON, wearing a gaily coloured bathing-dress and a scarlet cap, was obviously in better spirits, and it occurred to Miranda that this was the first time that she had ever seen her laugh. She had always seemed pale and anxious, but this evening there were patches of bright colour in her cheeks, her eyes were sparkling and she looked as though some load of anxiety had been lifted from her shoulders. Catching sight of Mrs. Leslie and Miranda, she waved, and, slipping into the water, swam across to them.

"What's the water like?" asked Norah Leslie, peering cautiously over the edge.

"Too warm," said Elsa. She turned to Miranda, "Sally says that it was the Melvilles' Swiss governess who did the murders, and that she has run away to hide herself in East Berlin. Is it true?"

"What's that?" said Mrs. Leslie sharply. She swung round to look at Miranda, her face white and startled.

Miranda inquired tartly as to where Sally Page had obtained her information, but Norah Leslie was not to be deflected.

"Is it true?" she demanded. "Did the woman really do it? Who said so? How did they find out?"

"We don't know if she did," said Miranda briefly. "Sally's only guessing."

"Then she has disappeared?"

"Yes," admitted Miranda reluctantly. "But we think she may have merely gone to a better-paid job."

AN hour later, Miranda came from the changing rooms with her bathing-suit and cap rolled up in a damp towel. The Leslies had stopped on the upper landing to speak to friends, and Miranda walked on ahead and went outside to wait for them.

A last ray from the setting sun lingered over the small outdoor pool. Across the dark green water of the pool the ruined columns of a bomb-damaged wing of a building began to take on the outlines of some temple of the Nile valley.

Miranda moved to the edge of the pool and looked idly down at the submerged ropes and bundles of waterlogged straw that crossed and recrossed the pool, placed there to prevent the sea-green tiles cracking in the winter frosts.

The sun slid below the horizon and a little breeze momentarily ruffled the quiet surface of the pool, and a half-submerged mass of straw immediately below Miranda drifted a little way and disclosed the pale reflection of her own face looking up at her.

The breeze passed and the water steadied again; and it was not her own face that was peering up at her from the pool, but another face. A ghost out of the terrifying, shadowy past, a white face, open-mouthed, with wide staring eyes and lank, straw-coloured hair, suddenly and horribly familiar.

A second catspaw of wind ruffled across the pool and the heavy blonde hair drifted before it and became once again only a swathe of sodden straw; and below it lay the grey face and black, scanty locks of Mademoiselle Marie Beljame.

To be continued next week

Parisette

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The dreadful casualty list of the Great Smog could be repeated this winter. You can help to see that it doesn't.

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The Gas Industry makes the **best** use of the Nation's coal

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FLASHPOINT

Continued from page 17

the antagonism out of his voice. "I'll see it doesn't happen again. I'll see to it right now. Today."

Wayne grunted irritably, gestured to his driver, and the jeep bounced away.

Jaugersten turned to face Carran. He said: "And you'll see to it, too."

"Me?" Carran said blankly.

"Yes, you. It should be my shift tomorrow, but we'll both fly it today, the way it should be flown. If you want to argue, you're sacked, and I'll see you in hell for any pay."

They refuelled and started out without another word. Jaugersten took the controls. And Carran sat watching the great, capable hands and the back of the grizzled, iron-grey head with something he now knew as hate. Implacable, impotent hate.

It was past noon when they finished the first run and fluttered down to refuel. They ate then, sharing the sandwich pack and tea flask without looking at each other.

Then, with the tanks full again, Jaugersten said to Carran: "You can take her now. And I don't want any of those clever capers you got up to yesterday."

Carran's face flushed. He clenched his fists.

"If you want a fight first, you can have that, too," Jaugersten said, watching him calmly. "I think it would be damned childish. But if you want it you can have it, now or any time you like."

For a moment, Carran felt almost suffocated with his anger and frustration. He faced Jaugersten in a blind passion of rage, speechless, incapable of movement. And then for the first time in years he felt fear—not the craven fear of the coward, but fear of this man who was so much stronger than himself.

Carran turned away. He climbed into the pilot's seat, switched on, went through all the simple, automatic motions of flying, feeling neither anger nor repentance, nothing but a defeated emptiness inside him. He had no plans for revenge. He had given up. He wasn't even going to fly out the promised month. He was going to quit, clear out, just as soon as they got back.

The tiny butterfly of a machine buzzed monotonously up and down the grey-green, dusty regiments. The sun glared blindingly off the wings and burned in through the open cowling.

WHEN it happened, Carran was in the middle of working out the number of days to the next boat. Like all flying accidents, it was all over in a matter of seconds. The stick was suddenly loose, and the dipping nose couldn't be pulled up again. The propeller scythed torn plants and choking, opaque dust. The machine bounced high, hung for a moment, then crashed to the ground on its back.

They tore a way out, clawing like two wounded beasts, and crawled into the warm, dusty shade of the plane. There had been no explosion, no fire.

Jaugersten snarled: "You checked her——"

He broke off as he saw Carran nodding foolishly, his eyes bulging like a doll's at the red mess of his thigh, at the blood pumping rhythmically up through the rent trousers.

Jaugersten got to his knees. "It's an artery," he said. He crawled over to Carran. "Lie back," he said as Carran whimpered. "Lie back and keep still."

His great hands were suddenly unbelievably nimble. In a matter of seconds he had ripped the torn thigh naked, fashioned a rough tourniquet from the blood-stained cloth, and tied it in place.

The shock really got to Carran then. He began to shout, high and falsetto, like a girl.

Jaugersten sat motionless beside him, his great head bowed.

After a while Carran turned his head, staring past Jaugersten at the hoisted tail of the plane. "She never burned," he whispered. "She never burned." His voice strengthened as all the old antagonism came back, sharp, blatant. "And all you got was a shaking. That was the worst that could happen to you——"

He broke off abruptly as Jaugersten moved a great, buckled leg, showing a blue-white end of bone protruding through a neat triangular tear in his trousers. There was a smear of blood on the bone.

Jaugersten's breath roared down his nose with the effort of searching out a crushed cigarette packet. He got out two cigarettes, stuck one in Carran's mouth and lit them both. He lifted his head and spoke to the thin smoke spiralling up in the fading light.

"This is the smaller of the two jobs," he said, "but it's half a dozen miles square. And it's concave. We're about smack in the middle, and it's unlikely anyone saw the dust cloud. The native labour's never out when we are. That means they probably won't reach us till about noon tomorrow."

"What's the difference?" Carran said, with savage stupidity. "A night here won't be any worse than in that stinking shed of yours."

Jaugersten made no reply. For minutes he neither spoke nor moved. Then he fumbled out matches again and crouched forward, lighting one to inspect Carran's leg. A steady red stream still pumped out and dribbled over the trembling limb into the dust.

JAUGERSTEN shook the match out. He knew that without attention Carran would be dead before morning. And in a blinding, paralysing second, Carran knew it, too. Shaking, he tried to raise himself up and face Jaugersten. "So you've done it," he burst out wildly. "You've got rid of me all right, haven't you—haven't you?"

"Shut up," Jaugersten snarled. "Shut up and lie still."

"You and your swindling advert." Carran had fallen back and was moaning now. "You and your miserable tuppenny outfit." He laughed. "Well, don't worry, Jaugersten. I've had it, but you're all right."

Jaugersten crouched there in silence, his great shoulders drooping. It was almost fully dark now. A night bird shrieked. A cloud of mosquitoes whined around the injured men.

"She didn't even burn," Carran said. "And all you've got is a busted leg. So go on—clear out! What's a busted leg to a wonderful fellow like you? You could make it back to the shack with two busted legs. So go on—clear out! What are you waiting for?"

He was becoming hysterical, but it was like a slap in the face seeing Jaugersten move away. Carran was abruptly silent, knowing he had gone too far. Jaugersten was taking him at his word. He was leaving him there.

The idea of shouting, whining, pleading floated somewhere in his mind but he could not grasp it. He felt his control tottering, and went sprawling away into bright-coloured delirium.

Pictures, seen through a whirling vortex of colour, grew out of the night, and the centre of them all was a gigantic Jaugersten; Jaugersten, the craggy outlines of his face burnished and shining, standing up at the controls and diving the plane to within a fantastic, roaring inch of Carran's head; Jaugersten grinning down at him as the plane stalled and fell crazily away; Jaugersten crashing, only to climb grinning and gloating from the plane as the wreckage suddenly went up in flames. . . .

A familiar, astringent smell crawled into Carran's nostrils. He heard harsh, animal grunts of pain. A match—the second Jaugersten had struck—flared in the darkness, throwing a grotesque, ogrish shadow. A winking, blue-white flame glared, hissed, leaped along.

Carran saw the plane, its mechanical entrails exposed where Jaugersten had ripped off great areas of the silvery skin to fashion a long, crude wick. He saw Jaugersten crawling back towards him and watched the flames leap hungrily along the wick, along a broken wing towards the fuel tank. . . .

The rest was no more than efficient emergency routine. The explosion and

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the details below, can you provide each woman with her potted biography—and her name? The answers are on page 55

BORN:
A. Thirty-one years ago at Nether Wallop, Hampshire, a squire's daughter.
B. Thirty-six years ago in Coolangatta, New South Wales, daughter of an oil company executive.

FIRST JOB:
C. Appearing in a school play.
D. Star in an icy light opera.

HAS SAID:
E. "Don't tell me I know nothing about drama."
F. "It's by drawing on your own experience and using a little philosophy that you acquire the serenity necessary to successful old age."

FAMOUS FOR:
G. Cutting a neat figure.
H. Her sensitive footlight and camera portrayals.

---

the great pillar of flame were heard and seen twenty miles away. The jeep bearing the syndicate doctor reached the scene in a little under two hours.

At first light, a little safari of stretcher-bearers was plodding slowly down an eternal lane between the regiments of grey-green plants.

They had halted to change bearers when Carran stirred and opened his eyes. "Jaugersten—how is he?" he asked weakly. There was something more than either pain or returning sanity in his drawn face.

Jaugersten's stretcher was brought closer. The two men stared at each other.

"Thanks," Carran said. "I was a fool."

Jaugersten grinned tiredly. He said: "We've all got to learn."

"You sacrificed the plane," Carran said. "And it was all you had."

"I'll get another," Jaugersten said.

THE little procession started off again, the two stretchers moving closely together. Carran closed his eyes and lay limply. The heat, the motion of the stretcher and the dope that had been pumped into him were combining to send him off again into blessed oblivion, and there was nothing he longed for more. But he fought against it, because first there was something he wanted to do.

"Jaugersten," he said. "Listen. I've got a little money saved up. Never thought I was the cautious type, did you? I've maybe got enough to buy a new kite. And I'd like to stay on the job."

It was some little time before Jaugersten answered. Then he said: "Thanks." Just the one word, but it was enough.

Carran said: "We'll be flying the job again before you know it."

Jaugersten said: "There's just one thing."

"What?"

"If you're going to put money into this thing, we'd better make it a partnership."

Carran turned his head and grinned at Jaugersten weakly.

"It's a deal," he said. And it was Carran who first reached out a hand to seal the bargain. THE END

THE GUNMAN'S GIRL

Continued from page 13

watching you. I am going to give you five minutes."

He looked at his watch. Five minutes seemed a long time. When nothing happened, he picked up the microphone again. "Your last chance, Cullen. Throw your gun out and then come down. Before I count ten."

He counted, slowly and deliberately. As he reached ten, a bullet smacked into the wall behind them and six feet above their heads.

The inspector's voice boomed through the speaker again. "All right, if that's the way you feel about it, Cullen. I'm coming to get you."

He opened the wicket beside the lych-gate.

Strake pulled at his sleeve, whispering hoarsely. "He'll pick you off as you go up the path, sir. Don't do a crazy thing like that."

"I'll be all right, Strake. Stay where you are. If I want any help I'll call for you."

He walked up the path, outwardly calm and rigid as if he were on church parade, but he had never felt more alone in his life. Behind him, the crowd watched in deathly silence. He was staking everything on a belief.

And, so far, that belief seemed justified. Unharmed, he reached the west door of the church. It was open. So was the narrower door that led from the great vaulted porch to the tower.

HE switched on his torch and began to climb the winding stone shaft. Some of the steps were broken, and once he slipped, wrenching his ankle again. The pain brought sweat pouring over his forehead, but after a minute's rest he pushed on.

In the ringers' chamber he found a switch. A dusty bulb filled the place with macabre shadows, and from those shadows came Timmy Cullen's voice, shrill and high. "Don't come any farther! I've told you, don't move. . . . I'll shoot if you do."

The inspector took a deep breath. The staircase continued from the south-east corner of the chamber, and that was where the voice came from. But as Bracegirdle turned in that direction, Cullen started to climb again. Doggedly, Bracegirdle followed. He counted fifty more steps before reaching the belfry.

"Where are you, Cullen?" He swept the torch around.

But there was no answer. The Holtrigg bells seemed to watch silently, great dark shapes among the beams. From the belfry floor, scattered with snow-crystals blown through the louvres, an almost vertical ladder led to a trapdoor which opened on to the tower roof. And half-way up, clinging to the rungs and looking over his shoulder, was Cullen, with the gun in his right hand.

"Stop acting like a fool!" Bracegirdle said. "Come down and let's get it over."

"Afraid to come and get me?" Cullen taunted.

"I'm not relishing the prospect, but that's what I'm going to do."

He had his foot on the first rung when he heard shouts from the crowd outside. There were sounds of running steps and the slam of a door far below.

Cullen said nothing, didn't shift from his crouching perch on the ladder. Light, hurrying steps echoed round the staircase and Vera Stevens stumbled into the belfry.

"Go down at once!" the inspector ordered sternly. "There's nothing you can do, Vera."

"He'll kill you!" she gasped, sobbing for breath. "I'm going up with you, Mr. Bracegirdle. He won't hurt you if I'm there."

"You're making things worse, Vera. I've enough responsibility without having to look after you——"

The ladder creaked. Timmy Cullen was climbing warily towards the trapdoor. She looked up, not realizing till then that he had seen and heard her.

"Timmy!" she pleaded. "Timmy, come down and go back with us. *Please*, Timmy!"

He disappeared over the top. Quick

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Play make-believe ! It's easy and it's fun to transform your dining room into a corner of a gay Paris restaurant for a night. Candles on the table, a checkered cloth, an extra rub to the silver, and you've got the atmosphere. Now for *la carte* (the menu). Start on a note of luxury with Batchelors Cream of Tomato Soup. Smooth, rich, creamy, it's a perfect beginning to a continental feast. In France, they'd spend hours making a soup like this. But Batchelors Cream of Tomato is ready in a jiffy, giving you plenty of time to concentrate on this delicious main dish :

MOUTON A LA BOULANGERE

3 lb. mutton (boned shoulder, leg or best end of neck); 2 cloves garlic; salt and pepper; 2 large onions, chopped; 2 lb. potatoes, peeled and finely sliced; a little stock or water; 1 level tablespoon chopped parsley (optional).

Crush garlic with a little salt and spread over inside of meat, then roll up with skin side outwards and tie with string. Place in large greased ovenproof dish or tin and bake in fairly hot oven (Mark 6 or 400 F). After half an hour remove from oven, strain off drippings and arrange alternate layers of onions, seasoning and potatoes all around joint. Pour over the drippings with stock or water to reach half way up the potatoes. Bake for 1 hour or until cooked. Sprinkle potatoes with parsley before serving.

Bon appétit!
A luxury soup that *all* can afford

Batchelors WONDERFUL WONDERFUL
Cream of Tomato Soup

BCS10/80

as thought, she ran to the ladder and was out of reach before Bracegirdle could stop her. Cursing his cricked ankle, he could only watch and hope she wouldn't slip. Then, slowly and relentlessly as doom, he began to follow.

He could hear her pleading with Cullen. And Cullen's voice in reply, savage and angry. There was a scuffle, then a thud, a hurt cry, and silence, as if he had flung her down on the lead roof. And now the inspector could see Cullen outlined against the sky.

"Had to bring a woman with you!" he jeered. "That's like a cop! Put your head over the top and I'll blow it off. You're not going to get me. Nobody's going to get me."

Bracegirdle stopped, uncomfortably aware of the twenty-foot drop and the tangle of cross-beams and bells below.

"That's scared you, hasn't it? It's grand to see a cop scared."

"I'm not as scared as you are, Cullen. What do you think you're getting out of this? Shoot a dozen of us—somebody's going to get you in the end."

He could hear Cullen's hard breathing six feet above his head. "And it's worth remembering," he went on, "that you haven't shot anyone yet. It's not murder, Cullen—*yet*. And with everything short of murder you can start again."

No sound but that hard breathing.

"Cullen, I'm taking the risk. I'm coming up. I've got a game ankle, and I can't hold on to this damned ladder much longer."

He climbed deliberately, rung by rung. He was to relive in nightmares that moment when he clambered those last few feet and rested his elbows on the roof. But, finding himself alive, he felt a curious exhilaration. It is a wise law, he realized, that makes the British policeman go unarmed. It gives him a moral superiority greater than a Sten under each arm.

Cullen was crouched in the far corner, at bay now. Vera Stevens lay in a pathetic, huddled heap against the parapet.

"I wonder why we bother about you," Bracegirdle said. "All she wanted was to help you and that's what she gets for it."

She stirred and struggled to her knees in the snow. "He didn't hit me. I slipped, trying to get the gun. Timmy wouldn't hit me—would you, Timmy?"

Bracegirdle could see tears on his face, but the gun was still pointing. "I mean it now," he gabbled. "Another inch and I'll shoot. Don't force me to it, Mr. Bracegirdle. Don't make me do it."

SOMETHING less than a smile flickered at the corners of the inspector's tight mouth. Mr. Bracegirdle! That's what Vera Stevens had called him. What the Holtrigg children called him.

"What are you staring at?" Cullen shouted. "Why don't you say something?"

"I'm staring at you, Cullen. I'm thinking about the time you used to be a man. Before you had to prop up your weak guts with a gun. The lad who dug those sheep out of the drifts on Blackwinter that night didn't need a gun. Or the Timmy Cullen who jumped in the river to save a stray dog."

Cullen's breath rattled in his throat. "You can talk, can't you? Always could! You think you're going to talk me out of this——"

Vera was moving towards him. "Timmy, you gave me that gun once. Give it to me again."

"A girl in a million, Cullen." The inspector was trying to ignore the gun. His eyes were fixed on Cullen's. "I'm sorry she's seen you like this, skulking behind a gun you haven't got the guts to use."

He climbed through the trapdoor.

"Stop! Right where you are——"

"Pull that trigger and it's curtains for both of us, Cullen. For me right now. For you in a couple of months. I've a wife and two boys. You've Vera and half a lifetime left."

"Keep talking! Talk's cheap."

"I'll strike a bargain with you. Come down with me now. You won't be taken to Northfield till they've cleared the drifts, and that won't be yet. There are three lads up on Blackwinter, Cullen. Nobody knows the moors better than you do. Help me to find them. Show me you're still a better man without a gun than with one. Then take what's coming to you, and if I can put a word in for you now or help you afterwards, I will."

"You're lying! You wouldn't do that."

"Mr. Bracegirdle doesn't tell lies, ever," Vera said. "He's the finest man in Holtrigg. You've said that yourself, Timmy."

Bracegirdle never forgot that moment. It was like seeing a man wake from an evil dream. The tension went out of Timmy Cullen's face, leaving it smooth and tired. He looked at the inspector, slowly shaking his head. It seemed an age to Bracegirdle before he gave the gun to Vera and hid his face in his hands.

IT was the first and only time that Inspector Bracegirdle hit the headlines. Most of the newspapers carried the story the next day:

POLICE CHIEF TRAPS GUNMAN
CHURCH TOWER PARLEY ENDS IN SURRENDER

". . . then Inspector Bracegirdle, well-known to tourists in the Holtrigg area, set out on a midnight errand of mercy with two of his men and brought in a party of exhausted youths from the Blackwinter moors."

It was not the whole truth. Bracegirdle was accompanied by only one of his men, Sergeant Strake. It was Cullen who went first up the great slabs of millstone grit, icy and treacherous in that night's bitter wind. And when at last they found the three lads huddled in a cleft among the rocks, it was Cullen who carried one back over his shoulder while Bracegirdle and the sergeant looked after the other two.

The following week, Inspector Bracegirdle was away from Holtrigg a whole day. He never told anyone, even his wife, where he went or what happened. But he often thinks of the feelings he had as he stood before that leather-topped table.

"The way I saw it, sir, we were cut off. I wasn't just the local inspector. I was captain of the ship."

"I appreciate that, of course. But *why* did you do it?"

"I wanted a man who knew the moors, sir. I used him instead of letting him lie in a cell all night."

He listened for a long time, nodding respectfully on occasions.

". . . and I'm afraid you'll hear more of this, Bracegirdle. Have you anything else to say?"

"I don't think I have, sir. Except that—well, there are three lads at school this morning who wouldn't have been there if things hadn't happened the way they did. I'm alive, too, whereas I might have been dead. That might not have been a great loss to the force, sir, but my wife seems quite pleased about it. And in a few years' time, Cullen will come back to Holtrigg a man, a potentially good citizen, instead of a skulking rat looking for another gun."

There was a long silence, a shuffling of papers, and an embarrassed cough.

"That's one way of looking at it. And speaking unofficially, Bracegirdle. . . . Well, I can't speak unofficially, even off the record, but you probably know what I should say if I could."

"I think I do, sir."

If he heard more about it, he kept it to himself. But he seemed very pleased to win that prize for his roses in the Constabulary Flower Show. THE END

WHO'S WHO?

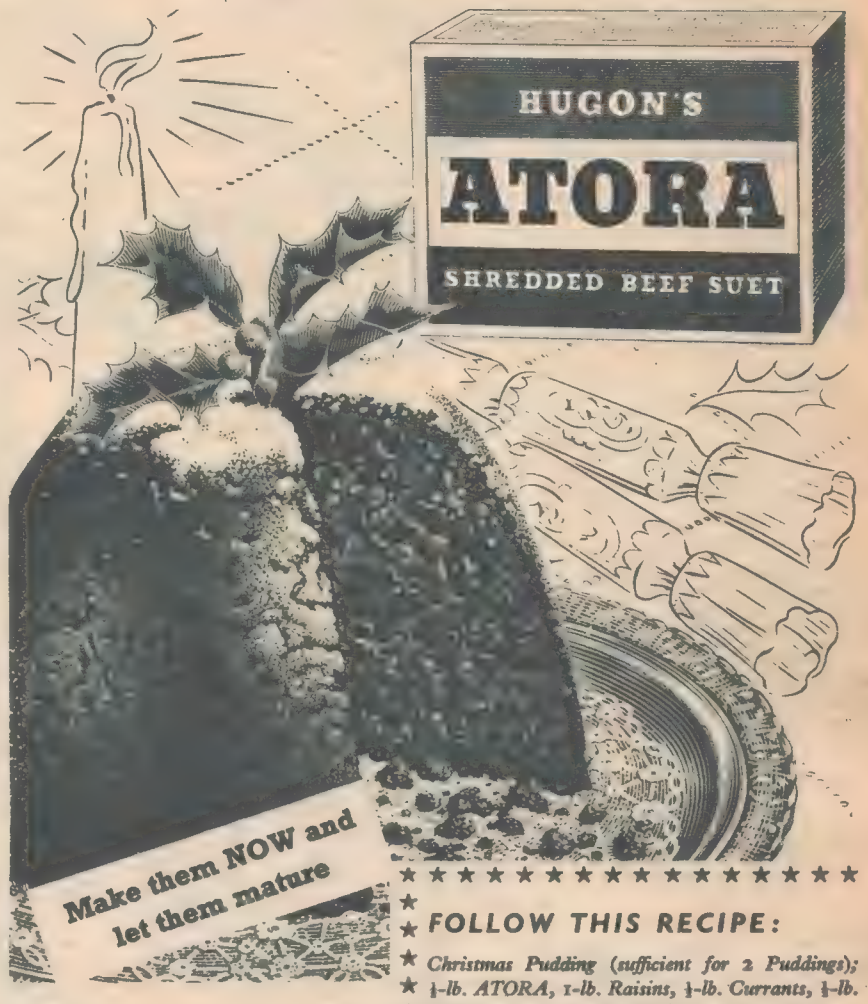
B C F H are the clues on page 53 that help to identify the woman on the left as Margaret Johnston, stage, film and television actress, who made her debut in the comedy, *The Housemaster*.

A D E G identify the woman on the right as Belita Jepson-Turner, ice skating star, whose first professional appearance was in *Rhapsody On Ice* in 1937.

Make your *best ever*

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

and make them now with



Christmas isn't Christmas without the old-fashioned home-made pudding. Make your Christmas Puddings with Atora, and all their ingredients will blend to give that subtle richness and flavour only possible with good beef suet. Atora is handy and ready-to-use, and its preparation is the result of generations of skill. Puddings made with the traditional basis of Atora will keep well, too; the earlier they are made the better they will be.

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★ FOLLOW THIS RECIPE:

★ *Christmas Pudding (sufficient for 2 Puddings);*
★ *½-lb. ATORA, 1-lb. Raisins, ½-lb. Currants, ½-lb.*
★ *Sultanas, ½-lb. Candied Peel, 6-ozs. Sugar, 6-ozs.*
★ *Self-raising Flour, 1-oz. Sweet Almonds, rind and*
★ *juice of ½ Lemon, 3 Eggs, ½-lb. Breadcrumbs,*
★ *½ Nutmeg, a pinch of Salt, Milk sufficient to*
★ *make right consistency, 4-5 tablespoons Rum.*
★
★ Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry
★ ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop
★ almonds, add eggs, well-beaten, grated rind of
★ lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all
★ thoroughly, put into greased basins, filling
★ them only two-thirds full. Cover tightly with
★ greased paper and steam, preferably in a proper
★ steamer, for six hours. Re-steam for 2-4 hours
★ on Christmas Day.

Insist on **ATORA** the good **BEEF SUET**

HUGON & COMPANY LTD., MANCHESTER 11

Naturally, Mother!

Mothers nowadays know better than to 'dose' children just as a matter of habit — the days of Castor Oil are gone. The modern trend is to rely on nature — with its health-giving fruit and vegetables. That is why — when that little extra help is sometimes needed — wise Mothers naturally turn to 'California Syrup of Figs'. Here is a purely vegetable laxative, free from synthetic drugs. Its action, gentle yet effective, can be relied upon completely, and you may be sure that it's absolutely safe. Next time your child is off-colour, fretful, bilious, or shows other signs of being constipated, give pleasant-tasting 'California Syrup of Figs'. It's good for Mother, too . . . naturally.

'California Syrup of Figs' REGD.

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

Roll up, Roll up,

For thrills as big as Elephants!

Mouthwatering moments of luscious enjoyment— milk chocolate tumbling over creamy caramel and dreamy centre!

Yes sir, that's the fun of Punch —it's the greatest taste sensation in the world!

The Big Top in treats!

ONLY 4D

A Camel that lives on Punch is called a Caramel

A Gillette for Christmas

Check the men on your Christmas list. Probably all shave and have razors. Don't let that stop you. If they are using old-style razors or those which have lost their precision from being dropped and damaged, they are missing a lot. For their presents mark down Gillette Superspeed as a natural. They'll be delighted with the change. Up-to-date streamlined shaving every day for years to come — here's the Set to give it.

8/6 value for 6/6
Quick-action one-piece Razor. Quick-feed Dispenser with six Blue Gillette Blades and discarded blade container. Compact moulded case with transparent lid.

Superspeed Gift Set
This Set consists of 'Rocket' Razor Set, an extra Dispenser with 10 Blue Gillette Blades, and tube of Gillette Shaving Cream — price 11/7.

Months of Grand Shaving
Two 10-blade Dispensers in cheerful Christmas pack — price 5/8.

SHOOT FIRST!

Continued from page 21

spoke to them and we found a common language in German.

"Why do you want to take our picture?" asked a blonde girl in the centre of the group.

"Because you are famous athletes," I replied.

"There are many athletes who are famous. Why do you not take pictures of them?"

"I shall shoot them later, but, in any case, they are not as beautiful as you," I replied.

The girls smiled and one giggled. They spoke together in Russian for a few minutes while I made close-ups. "Why do you think we are beautiful?" asked the blonde, smiling in a most feminine way. The others preened themselves as do women all over the world when faced by a camera.

As I was about to answer, a small, square man in a track suit joined the group. He shouted something to the girls in Russian. Immediately their good humour vanished, their mouths closed up, they turned their backs on the camera and I was unable to get another shot. This Russian wrestler had frightened them off. Why? Because they were having contact with the Western world? I felt discouraged at this episode and looked around.

Stalin On The Wall

It was a shock to see the huge portraits of Stalin on the walls of the buildings. It seemed that they had not left their politics behind the Iron Curtain. I looked for Emile Zatopek, the runner who was to win three Gold Medals in the Olympics, but he was not in sight. I walked to a man who sat at a table just inside a door.

"Can you tell me where Emile Zatopek is, please?" I asked.

"Who are you?" asked an interpreter who stood nearby.

I told him, and the interpreter relayed the information to the blond Russian who sat writing. The latter looked up. His very blue eyes stared into mine. "Why do you wish to know?" he asked.

"I wish to film him."

"Why do you wish to film him?"

"He is a great athlete, and people in Britain would very much like to see some film shots of him."

"Follow me," he said. I walked behind him through a group of athletes who stood to one side as he passed. We arrived at a block of flats surrounded by trees. "Wait," he ordered, and I remained at the door.

After ten minutes, he returned, "It is not possible. Mr. Zatopek is not there. Follow me," he ordered again, and led me back to his office where without another word he dismissed me from his presence. He was used to pushing people around.

Ten minutes later, by a roundabout route, I arrived at Zatopek's room. I tapped lightly and a voice from inside answered. I opened the door. Zatopek sat on his bed, reading. I introduced myself and asked if he would agree to my filming him limbering up and training. "Yes," he replied in English. His voice was surprisingly gentle. "But in ten minutes, please."

To the second he arrived at the practice track and did everything I asked of him. He trotted, he marked time, he did stomach exercises, touched his toes and smiled while he was doing so. Gundar Haegg, the five thousand metre world-record holder at the time, came and spoke to Zatopek. I gathered from their conversation, which was in English, that he, too, although an old friend of Zatopek, had been told that Zatopek was not available. I made a close-up of them talking, for this was a news angle. Perhaps Zatopek would take Haegg's record during the Games.

As I changed lenses I felt a pain in my right upper arm as a hand grasped me firmly. "That's enough," said a voice, and I turned to see the cold, blue eyes of the "commissar."

"I think you come back tomorrow, please," he said and I was escorted to the taxi with a thick-set Russian on each side, politely helping me along with fingers like vices gripping my arms. In spite of the friendliness of the athletes themselves, the Iron Curtain had been brought to Helsinki for the Olympics.

A few days later I followed the marathon from start to finish. Jim Peters rushed to the front, and from the top of a single-decker bus I made tracking shots of his sailor-roll progress. But always just behind was Emile Zatopek, ready to strike.

At the eighth mile I filmed Zatopek spurt up to Peters. For a few yards they ran together, Zatopek spoke to the Englishman, then bounded forward to the front, where he stayed until the race was won.

Jim Peters collapsed at the eighteenth mile. I made close-ups of his friends massaging his cramped legs. "What did Zatopek say to you before he passed you?" I asked him later.

"He asked if I could go any faster. I said 'no.' He said 'pity,' and then ran me into the ground. He's a marvellous chap," said Peters, rubbing his calf muscles ruefully.

But Peter's rubbing did not help our team in the Olympics. I filmed them trying everything they knew to bring home a Gold Medal, but without success.

All the British people at the Games were longing for that Gold Medal—just one, that's all we wanted. If we could hear "God Save The Queen" being played just once. Then it came! Our horses, with their able riders, won the very last event.

Cheers And Tears

We stood with pride as the bands played our National Anthem, and I was ashamed of my tears until I glanced to one side. There stood a huge Englishman, twenty stone and six feet tall. He stared straight ahead and in a deep, strong voice sang the words of the anthem. I watched the tears stream down his red face, and when the last bar of the anthem was played he began to cheer, his raucous voice shouting down all other spectators. As I left I feared he would choke between his tears and cheers.

The glamour of foreign assignments soon disappears. When you're back in London you're on the "beat" again. The news beat at home is wide and varied, and over the years it has developed a number of regular locations. A Budget statement takes us to Downing Street, the Lord Mayor's

Evelyn Laye is giving her husband, Frank Lawton, a Parker '51' for Christmas

DESPITE her enormous success in the popular West End musical, "Wedding in Paris," Evelyn Laye is not too busy to remember her many off-stage interests, including a beautiful collection of old glass which she and her husband, Frank Lawton, have built up together. These two artistes have also acted opposite each other in many straight plays. For Christmas, Evelyn Laye is giving him a Parker '51.'

THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

The famous '51' pen with matching continuous-feed pencil. In elegant presentation case.

ROLLED GOLD CAPS	£7.18.6
PENCIL ALONE	52/6
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PENCIL ALONE	40/10

Other famous Parker models—each with modern simplified filling system, visible ink supply, and the famous Parker arrow clip. The new large Senior Duofold pen at 43/-, the slightly smaller Duofold pen at 37/11, the shorter and slimmer New Victory at 30/11, the slender, elegant Slimfold at 23/11, a pen for smaller hands. Pencil to match all these models, 20/5. Presentation boxes available for all pen and pencil sets.

NOW . . . A YET MORE PRECIOUS THING

New exclusive nib-point and electro-polishing process

The new Parker '51' has always been a pen placed apart from all others.

Now it has become a yet more precious thing. Its nib-point—that tiny, all-important pellet of metal welded to the end of the nib—is now made of a new alloy of two rare, costly metals, Platinum and Ruthenium. This is our exclusive creation: we call it Plathenium. It takes a far higher degree of polish than other materials—polish that only our own special electro-polishing process makes possible. And it's so wear-resistant that years of writing won't alter it! So it gives you the silkiest writing point you've ever tried, and one that will be exactly the same many years from now. . . What an incomparable gift, this latest Parker '51'!

Choice of four colours and eight different nib grades. Price (Rolled Gold cap) 105/-, (Lustraloy cap) 82/3.

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The world's most wanted pen

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Could you do with some of that Everest energy?

Then. To conquer the world's highest mountain, the 1953 Mount Everest Expedition needed every ounce of energy they could get. So they took Grape-Nuts with them. Concentrated, easy to carry and delicious to eat, Grape-Nuts gave them the "Everest energy" they needed.

Every day. You, too, need the quick lasting "Everest energy" that Grape-Nuts will give you. And it *is* quick energy, because malty-sweet Grape-Nuts contain dextrose, a substance your body turns into energy fast.

With so many calls on us these days, most people could do with some of the "Everest energy" that breakfast with Grape-Nuts can give.

Made from wheat and malted barley, Grape-Nuts are *concentrated* goodness. To the Everest climbers, that meant less to carry. To you it means a handy packet that holds 12 ounces — as much as the biggest you can buy! And a little Grape-Nuts with milk and sugar make a big, energy-giving helping.

Get delicious Grape-Nuts to-day. Serve them for breakfast tomorrow and put your family, like the Mount Everest climbers, on top of the world!

Serve delicious malty-sweet

Grape-Nuts

TRADE MARK

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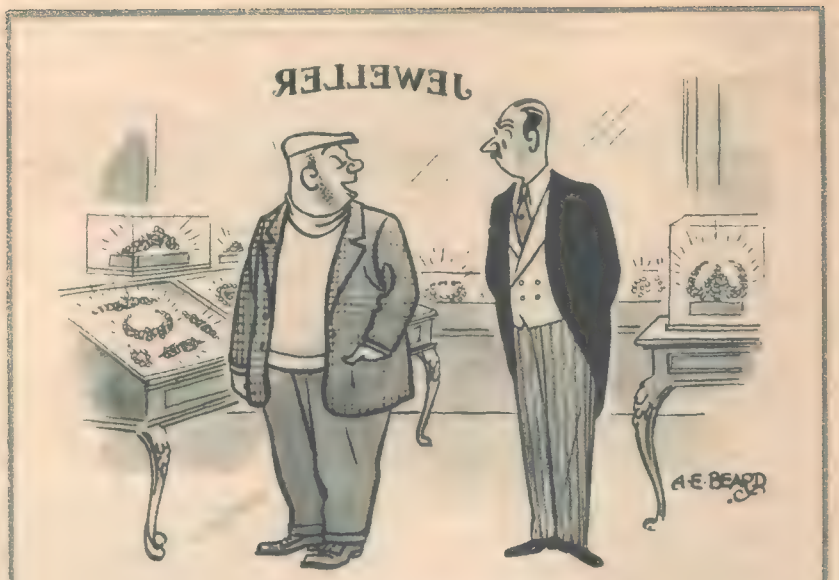


"Just browsing, thanks"

Show sees us all at Guildhall. Trooping the Colour sees us in waterproofs and hats perched on our camera trucks, or high on the roof of the Citadel, panning round from the Mall to Horse Guards' Parade.

Downing Street, particularly Number Ten, is a regular. "Cover Number Ten!" says the editor, briefly, and you make for Downing Street.

You may be the first to arrive. But you are soon joined by the rest of the gang—other newsreel men, Fleet Street photographers—whatever the occasion, the same men are there using the same cameras. It's like a club. Only the Prime Ministers and the policemen seem to change. We go on for ever.

At a Cabinet meeting we throng the pavement before Number Ten. The two policemen quietly repeat their request that we do not crowd the door, and for a while we pull back to leave room for the "arrivals." But soon our semi-circle is almost on the doorstep.

Every car that approaches sets us into operation. We raise cameras, point them at the cars, ready to press the trigger if it contains a Cabinet Minister. Sometimes we get nervous and switch on just in case. Usually a startled civil servant steps out carrying the morning reports, perhaps from H.M. Stationery Office, and finds himself the centre of our attentions. Film is wasted, plates are exposed, but he never sees himself on the screen. He goes into the cutting-room bin!

Soon the ministers begin to arrive, and for five minutes the cameras are not still. Then a calm descends on Downing Street. The only voices are those of the cameramen asking each other who "the second geezer was" or "what was the name of the bloke with the large conk." Fleet Street does not respect its Cabinet Ministers.

Inside Number Ten

When Commonwealth or overseas ministers and diplomats visit the Prime Minister, three "rota" men are allowed inside Number Ten to film him with his visitors. But the fight on the outside pavement goes on. We're still there, soaking wet, freezing cold, depending on the season.

When we've finished our shooting we meet these rota men coming out of the side door. They are dry when we are wet. They are clean and we are grubby; they are nattily dressed, we're clothed for the "beat." But we all get our turn inside; we all take the rota.

As a rota man you turn up on time. The side door is opened, and from the chaos of Downing Street you step into the quiet discipline of the Prime Minister's residence. We walk along the carpeted passage and are met by a secretary. She chats for a while and we go to the study.

Here, a colleague talks with the house electrician. When they've sorted out a cable run, they camouflage the wires with rugs and mats, and we make a lighting test. Sometimes it's too bright and we adjust it; sometimes there are reflections from the clock face. We alter the angle of the lights. The three cameramen jostle for position, hoping their efforts will remain unnoticed by the authorities. There is only just room for three men to operate in that study.

"He's coming now!" somebody whispers, and we get ready to shoot.

Churchill shepherds in Dr. Adenauer. There's not much time to study the two men. Churchill looks round, giving the cameramen the "once-over." He sees me, looks hard, then, with a twinkle in his eye, says: "Now don't begin until I'm ready. You know I like to look my best."

They Obey Churchill

Then he gives us the signal to go ahead. The cameras whirr. I make a shot of the two men, swing the turret and make a mid-shot of Churchill, then pan over to Adenauer. Swing the turret again for a full-screen close-up of the Prime Minister and then the German Chancellor. "That's enough!" says Churchill, and we stop.

He's got us disciplined. When Churchill says "stop"—we stop. But there are not many people who command that respect among the press. In two minutes' shooting I've got 160 feet of film, and that includes two lens changes. We now make our way back to the side door, just in time to see our colleagues going back to their offices. They glare resentfully, then they grin. Next time they'll be inside, and we'll be out in the rain.

The elements are dictators of a cameraman's life, for many weeks in a year, anyway. For weather itself must be covered. At times the rain is a story, at others the lack of it has us rushing out filming parched crops. Floods take us out armed with cameras, flares and gumboots.

Mike Lewis and I covered the great flood disaster at Canvey Island in 1953.

Driving from Foulness Island, where I'd made shots of children and cattle being rescued, I arrived at Benfleet at dusk. The road to Canvey was crowded with refugees carrying their bundles of possessions. They were mostly laughing and making jokes. "Fresh fish!" shouted one old lady. "Fresh from the front room!" and burst into a loud roar of laughter.

I found Mike Lewis wet and tired. "Have you come to relieve me?" he asked.

"Yes. What's it like?"

"It's a nightmare. I've filmed dead bodies floating in back gardens, an old woman dying from exposure, a man carrying a live pig on his back, a monkey being fed from a baby's bottle and a grocer serving tins of bully beef to a dozen mongrel dogs. It's a horrible Alice in Wonderland story."

Lewis went home, and I carried on the story of Canvey. At Foulness Point I made a shot of a reunion between a

Continued on page 61

"My daughter loves it"

"When I come home from work I usually read my daughter a story before her bedtime. And then, when the story is over, my wife brings us both a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. I've always liked the flavour of Rowntree's myself, and my daughter certainly loves it. My wife says it's very easy to digest and always has a tin of it in the house."

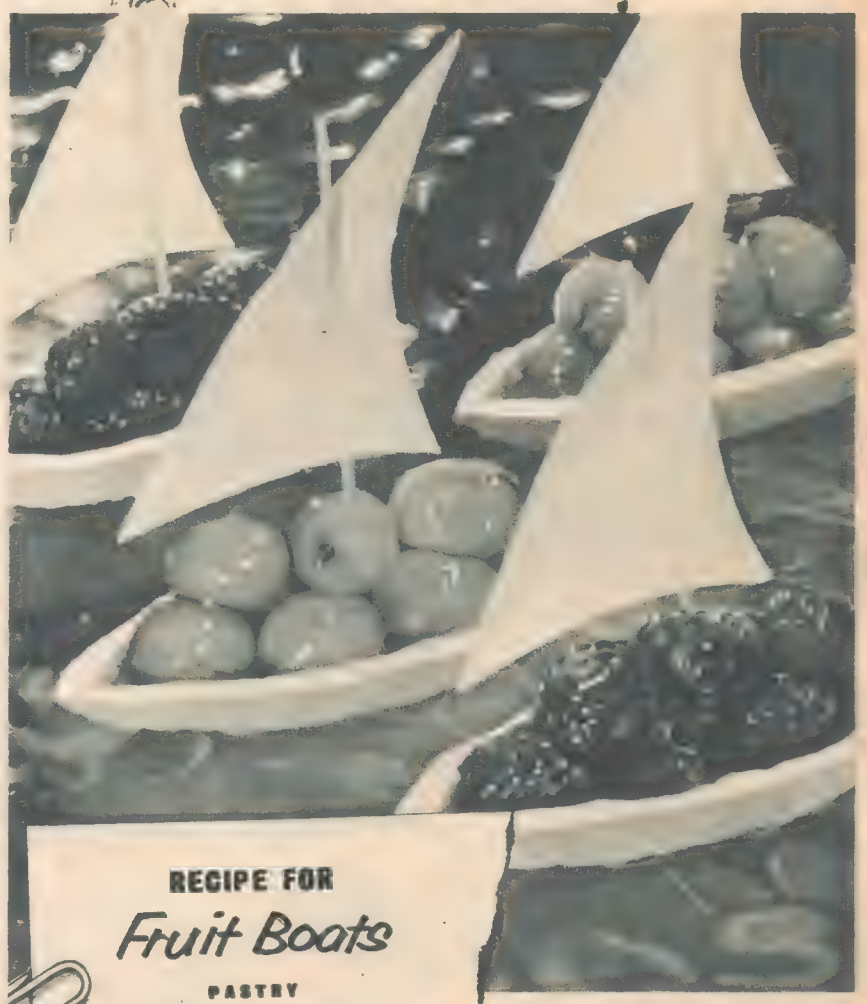
ROWNTREE'S COCOA

Christmas is coming!
that's why mother buys
ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT
for super mince pies!

ROBERTSON'S MINCEMEAT

NEW REDUCED PRICE 1'5½d. 14½ OZ. JAR

"Mm-m-m . . . They're de-luscious!"



RECIPE FOR

Fruit Boats

PASTRY

4 ozs. McDougall's Self-Raising Flour
Pinch of Salt · 2 ozs. Margarine
½ teaspoonful Castor Sugar
A little beaten egg or water to mix

Sieve flour and salt into a basin, rub in margarine, add sugar, mix to a stiff paste with egg or water. Knead lightly to remove creases, then roll out very thinly (on a floured board). Line twelve boat-shaped moulds with pastry, pressing well against the bottom and sides, trim neatly with a sharp knife. Cut small oblongs of greaseproof paper about 1½ inches larger than the boats, grease them and press the greased side against the pastry. Fill with rice or small beans to prevent pastry rising during cooking. Place boats on a baking sheet and bake for 12 minutes in a fairly hot oven. Remove paper and rice and put boats back in oven for four mins. to dry the bottom of the pastry. Lift pastry boats carefully on to a cake rack to cool. Size of moulds 1⅞" × 4½"

'Regulo Mark 6. 400°F Middle Shelf.'

TO FINISH THE BOATS

½ lb. Raspberries or Loganberries
½ lb. Stewed unbroken Gooseberries
½-pint pkt. Greengage Jelly and hot water
½-pint pkt. Raspberry Jelly and hot water
A few pieces of Spaghetti
A sheet of Rice Paper

Prepare jellies separately as directed, adding sufficient very hot water to make up to ½ pint. Allow to cool until just starting to thicken. Drain gooseberries thoroughly from the syrup and arrange them in half the boats. Fill remaining boats with raspberries or loganberries. Just as the jelly starts to thicken, use a teaspoon and pour greengage jelly over gooseberries and raspberry jelly over raspberries. Put in a cold place to set. Cut short, even-sized lengths of spaghetti and small sails of rice paper. Put a piece of spaghetti through each sail and place in the centre of the boat.

CRISP pastry shells piled high with succulent summer fruits . . . Fruit Boats look wonderful and taste even better! But to make sure that the pastry *is* as light as a wafer, always use McDougall's Self-Raising Flour.

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mother and her missing twelve-year-old daughter. As the little girl stepped off the rescue boat and walked up towards the jetty, the mother ran through the crowd and clasped the child in her arms. The woman sobbed with relief.

"Where did you go?" she asked the child. "Why did you go back?"

"I had to go back for Sandy, Mummy!" replied the child, and opened the neck of a shopping bag which she carried. Sandy, a ginger cat, poked his head out and yawned.

The mother, still crying with happiness, scolded her daughter, but there was pride in her voice as she cuddled both daughter and cat.

Another boatload arrived at the yacht-house steps. This time it was cattle. Teams of men had spent hours wading and rowing through the flood waters of the Foulness harnessing the cattle and guiding them down the slippery dike sides to board the shallow draught boats.

A New Threat

After several days, the story angle changed from the disaster to the threat of the rising tides. Unless the holes in the East Wall could be plugged, the spring tides would sweep in and cause more damage than the original floods.

Night and day, when the high tide was due, we stood with our cameras trained on the rising water. The night shifts had flares ready to ignite if the walls showed signs of collapsing under the pressure. I never did know how we were expected to survive to bring our film back to the laboratories. But the walls held, and survive we did.

Sense of humour was the outstanding impression of the disaster. The troops were brought into Foulness to repair the dikes. I flew there by helicopter to cover their activities. A colonel led the way to the breach, and we were confronted by a deep strip of water. The colonel wore thigh-length boots. I had light shoes, having been called off another job on to the floods. I looked at the water, then at the colonel.

"Here, jump on my back!" he said.

Grasping the camera case firmly, I clambered on his broad back, all my thirteen stone plus a thirty-pound camera. The colonel sagged a bit and we slowly wobbled our way through the water. Ten minutes later we reached almost-dry land.

"Thank you, sir," I said, "that's the first time I've been colonel-borne."

"And don't you forget it, my boy," he replied. "I'm due to retire soon and I might want a job at the B.B.C. carrying your wretched camera!"

Then came the greatest story of my career—the Coronation of our young Queen. I drew a position on the top of Admiralty Arch. This location gives a wonderfully clear view down the Mall looking towards Buckingham Palace and Trafalgar Square in the reverse direction. Surely one of the best positions ever for such an occasion.

"All cameramen must be in position by 4 a.m.," said the notice on the camera room wall. So we slept at our positions. At dawn we set up tripods. I looked down the Mall towards the Palace. It was raining hard and quite a wind was blowing. I looked at the flags flying from Admiralty Arch. If the wind blew as the Queen approached, my view would be completely obscured by these flags.

As the early morning drew on and the wind blew stronger, I moved the camera position a dozen times, and always the flags followed me. By the time the Royal procession was due to leave the Palace I was in a cold sweat. Here I was in a plum position and the chances were that I would miss the shots I had come to get.

The Commonwealth troops and representatives filed below, and I made shots of their impeccable columns, which stretched as far as the eye could see. The marching to the music of the bands was a stirring sight. The rain-soaked spectators cheered, and I made close-ups with a Long Tom. Through the viewfinder I saw a strange sight.

A sailor, on duty, wet to the skin, stood with his rifle at ease. Then two hands appeared from behind him and began to massage his chest. A London policeman, standing behind the sailor, was trying to restore his circulation by brisk massage, and then, also from behind, appeared a cup of hot tea. Slowly it went to the sailor's lips. But he was on duty, and although almost collapsing with the cold and the cramp, he refused the drink.

A roar from the Mall told us the Queen had left the Palace. I checked exposure and focus, and watched the flags. The wind was still fresh and a flag completely obscured my view. Its wet folds whipped in the wind with a crack and I prayed it would subside before the Queen arrived. I could wait no longer, and set the camera running.

I looked through the viewfinder and could see nothing but flag. If I moved to the right or left the flag moved, too. Then, just as the first group of outriders passed below, the wind dropped and I had a perfect shot of the Queen in her carriage passing below. Quickly, I doubled across the top of the Arch to get a shot of the Queen driving into Trafalgar Square. The warmth of the crowds cheering seemed to take the bite out of the wind.

A film runner appeared and rushed off immediately to the labs with the take, and we awaited the return journey. Once again the gods were kind, and as Her Majesty drove under the Arch the flags subsided as though at royal command. Then, as the carriage grew smaller and smaller in the viewfinder, the flag blew up gently and obliterated everything from view.

London So Gay

Later that evening we sat round the television set with friends, watching the film of the Coronation. I felt a thrill as the shots came on the screen. There was the flag flying in front of my camera, and then as it blew away we saw the shot of the procession. I sat back with pride, and then the phone rang. I picked up the receiver.

"Ronnie?" an apologetic voice said. "Would you mind helping out with a few shots of the fireworks tonight?"

Would I! I grabbed the camera and a sausage roll and drove up to the West End of London. The road was quiet on the way in, and then suddenly I got lost in a teeming London, where hundreds of thousands of people were sharing our young Queen's joy. Parties celebrated through the night; never was London so gay.

In the very early hours the cameramen met at the laboratories. We were all tired, but we were unanimous in voting the Coronation as the number one story of our careers. THE END

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

MAESTRO GUTHRIE KEEPS MUSIC AT THE READY

Continued from page 23

music—and I counted ten wrong notes. I finished a nervous wreck."

In Aden, Guthrie received orders to take the band to Malta to join massed bands for the presentation of colours to the Third Commando Brigade by the Duke of Edinburgh. "We had to go by air, and our instruments almost accounted for the seventy-five pound luggage allowance," he says. Rather than travel overweight, Guthrie told his men to leave their kit behind, and arranged for a new issue when they reached Malta. Engine trouble delayed them for six days, and in a race against time they rehearsed at airports. They arrived in Malta with minutes to spare, drew uniforms and assembled for the dress rehearsal.

In his world travels with Royal Marines bands, Guthrie is always tackling unusual conditions. When his ship was at Sydney in 1945, he took the band to Bondi Beach to play at a lifesaving display.

"I had warned the band to protect their instruments against sand, but I had overlooked another hazard," says Guthrie. As the lifesavers finished their demonstration, he led the band off—and fell flat on his face in the sand. Others fell behind him.

"During our twenty minutes on the beach, inches of sand had risen round our ankles. By failing to see this I set off a very undignified display."

To enable the marines to fill last-minute engagements efficiently, Guthrie keeps them rehearsed in a selection of marches, orchestral pieces and dance tunes. Occasionally, however, a stay in a foreign port may present new difficulties. In 1951, while their ship was in the Persian Gulf, the marines were asked to play in honour of an Eastern dignitary. Guthrie searched his library but could find no trace of a suitable national anthem. "In the end we saluted him with 'Garb of Auld Gaul,' a piece we often play in difficult situations. It was a great success."

Shock On Royal Tour

Guthrie is never surprised by requests for the band to play at short notice. Early in 1952, the Kenya was escorting the liner Gothic to Mombasa in preparation for Princess Elizabeth's proposed tour of Australia and New Zealand. Before they reached port, an announcement was made of the death of King George VI. Guthrie immediately set his band rehearsing for a memorial service to be held on arrival.

A Bedfordshire man, Guthrie joined the marines at fourteen, and qualified for a course at the Royal Marines School of Music, Deal, where he studied the clarinet and violin. He was promoted to band corporal in February, 1947, and to band sergeant a year later. After a further music course, he became a bandmaster in 1951, and last year reached his present rank of staff bandmaster, of which there are only nine in the Royal Marines.

Occasionally, marines bands are booked to play at private cocktail parties and garden parties abroad, when Guthrie's hardest job is to see that well-meaning hospitality does not sabotage the music.

When the marines played at an outdoor cocktail party in Calcutta recently, the host told Guthrie: "We've got a surprise for you. I've installed a bar specially for the band." He pointed to a notice which said, "Royal Marines Band Only." Before the band arrived, Guthrie quietly removed the notice. "I let them discover the bar when the programme was over."

Played Under Escort

Besides music, Guthrie deals also with matters of discipline. After weeks of sea duty, members of the band occasionally break the "No Drinking" rules. Once, before a three-night band engagement, Guthrie discovered that his drummer had been sent for'ard for being drunk. Guthrie explained to the captain that without a drummer there could be no dance band. Finally, the captain allowed the drummer to play under escort, if Guthrie would be responsible for him.

"When the drummer appeared, he was marched up between two guards. I found they intended to stand on either side of him in full view of the guests." Quickly, Guthrie reorganized the band's seating, and placed the drummer in front of a large piece of bunting. Then he persuaded the guards to hide themselves behind it.

The personnel of a marines band usually changes from time to time during an eighteen months' overseas tour. Two years ago replacements sent out to Guthrie gave him three cornet players with the same surname. One was tall, one short and one red-headed. They created no problem until Admiral Mountbatten came on board for an inspection at Malta last year.

"As luck would have it, he went straight to my rank of cornet players," says Guthrie, who stood by helplessly as Mountbatten spoke to each man.

"What's your name?"
"Smith, sir."
"And yours?"
"Smith, sir."
"And your name?"
"Smith, sir."

"I decided then it was time to explain," says Guthrie. "It seemed like one of those stories they sometimes tell the marines." THE END

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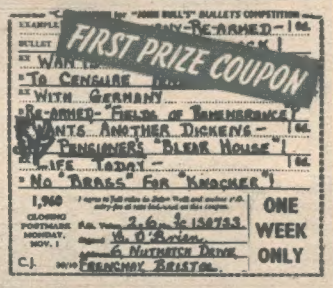

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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A Dream Come True	Not A Bit Sorry
Dove From The Kremlin	Visibility Nil
Poor Old Smith	The Wolves
The Mantle Of Night	Kept The Pot Boiling
A Victory Indeed	Village Aladdin
Too Modest	Weak And Watery
Stroke Of Genius	With A Nod And A Wink
All He Had	Couldn't Miss
A King's Ransom	At The Pet Shop

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A Non-stop.....	Deserves A Good.....
When Grandpa Played	Ought To Be....., But

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(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 8, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,967 result.)

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